THE MADRAS

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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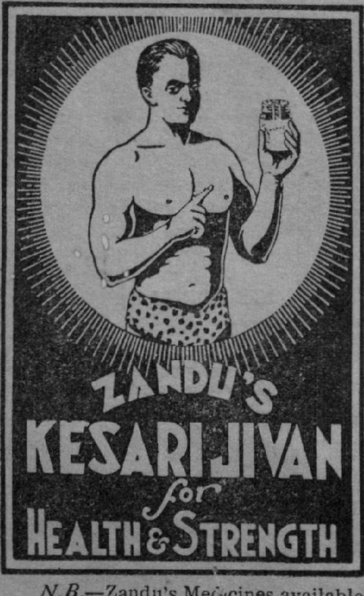

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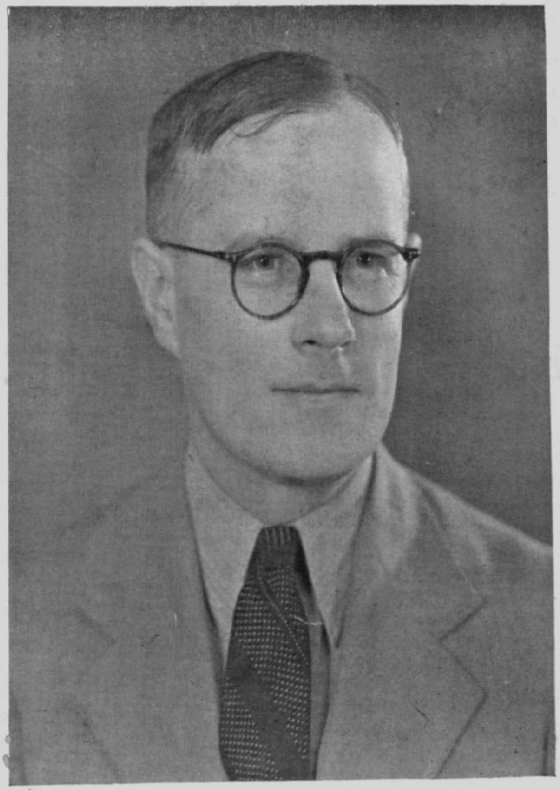


The New Principal

THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1938

COLLEGE NOTES

The New Principal

We begin the new year under the leadership of our new Principal, the Rev. A. J. Boyd. Our former Principal, the Rev. Dr. A. G. Hogg, continued to be in residence at Tambaram till the end of May, and since he left Mr. Boyd has entered on the duties of his new office. In contrast to a succession of distinguished Principals who were well past middle age when they entered upon their office, the College is fortunate in having now at its helm one who with yet many years of service before him will be able to carry through with vigour and enthusiasm the readjustment of college life to the new opportunities at Tambaram and the changes of educational policy lying ahead of us. We are also happy that Mr. Boyd has been elected to the Syndicate by an overwhelming majority of the members of the Academic Council, and the result of the election has given us a signal proof of the support that the College receives from a wide circle of its friends. We wish the new Principal well in his work both in the College and in the University.

The New Academic Year

The new year began on June 29 and the pressure for admissions was as great as ever, and as more than half of the available rooms in the Halls had to be reserved for students in senior classes, the scope of admission of new resident students was very much restricted, and the pressure for admission, especially to residence, was so great that at least one more Hall could have been easily filled with well qualified applicants.

The Administration Block

The Administration building linking the Arts and Science buildings is fast nearing completion, and its large college Hall and spacious rooms available as offices, common rooms, etc. will help to remove present handicaps and enrich college life and greatly aid the disposal of college administrative duties with ease and effectiveness, and provide us with the much needed assembly room which can take in the whole college community.

The Staff—changes and additions

The Rev. Gordon Matthews has returned from furlough and has, besides taking over the chairmanship of the English Department, resumed charge of the work of the Building Committee. The fine conditions under which we are privileged to work now are in a very large measure due to his wise planning and to his energy and enthusiasm; and we are happy he is back in our midst placing at the disposal of the College his

experience and judgment so valuable in the formative years of the new life of the College at Tambaram.

In the Rev. J. F. Butler, Ph.D., the College has been very fortunate, in finding a student of theology and philosophy of outstanding ability and achievements. As a Methodist representative he is in the succession of the two brilliant representatives of his Mission, the late Rev. F. W. Kellett, and Mr. Ferrand E. Corley who departed this life last year. As a Professor of Philosophy, he steps into the chair filled, among others, by Dr. Cooper, Dr. Skinner, and Dr. Hogg—stalwarts who have played a notable part in guiding the destinies of the College, and moulding the life and character of hundreds of students. We wish the inheritor of this double tradition a long and distinguished record of service in our College.

The Rev. R. S. Macnicol who shouldered several responsibilities last year is now away and is very much missed by staff and students, but so far as the work of the English Department goes, he has left his share of the work in capable hands, and we are happy to welcome Mr. A. F. Thyagarajan back to our college fellowship. He brings to his old College the experience of several years of lectureship in the Andhra Christian College at Guntur and all that he gained during his residence and research in London for two years, where he obtained the M. A. degree, specialising in philological studies.

We also welcome Dr. J. P. Joshua who was away from us for three years carrying on zoological research in Liverpool which has secured for him a doctorate, the subject of his thesis being 'Ductless Glands'. His return to College duties is sure to strengthen still further the spirit of research in the Natural Science Department. Before Mr. Joshua went to England he was a member of the Madras branch of Toc H for nine years, and while he was at Liverpool, he lived in a Toc H hostel which brought him into touch with all kinds and conditions of the English people. He had the opportunity to study the working of the movement, and during the last month of his stay he was specially trained in Toc H organisation, and now he has been invited to help the movement in India. We are happy that he is planning to give a part of his holidays to visit the eleven Toc H centres in South India. He is also doing a great deal to encourage students of the College to share in the activities of the College Brotherhood.

We have heard with great joy that the Royal Commissioners of the London Exhibition of 1851 have awarded a scholarship of great distinction to Dr. N. Kesava Panikkar who, after taking his Honours degree in zoology from our College, carried out extensive research work, part of which gained him the D.Sc. degree of the Madras University. We are proud that Dr. Panikkar, who joined our permanent staff last year, has received recognition by the administrators of a fund which awards scholarships to young scholars of repute in the various parts of the British Empire. For the first time this award has been made to an Indian zoologist, and we offer our congratulations and best wishes to Dr. Panikkar who soon sails for England to carry out higher researches in zoology in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth during the next two years.

Prof. J. P. Manikkam continues to serve the College in an honorary

capacity, lecturing on two days of the week. The College is grateful to him for his most valuable honorary services, and the students are happy to continue to have the benefit of his lectures often so well seasoned with humour. The College has appointed to the Physics Department Mr. P. S. Srinivasan who served in Bishop Heber College for several years, and has also done a great deal of research in the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, and we welcome him to our staff, and also Mr. P. R. P. Francis who, after four years of service in the Andhra Christian College, has joined our staff as Lecturer in Telugu in succession to Mr. T. Rajagopala Rao.

In place of Messrs. R. H. P. Holman, K. S. Venkatesan, P. Kalyanasundaram, K. Parthasarathy, J. T. Kanakaraj, M. K. Thomas, K. V. Vijayaraghavan, C. K. Sreedharan, and C. V. Job who were among the first Junior Tutors in our three Halls, we welcome Messrs. P. S. Doraiswamy, D. Krishnaswamy, Selvaraj Muthiah, D. Kamayya, K. Narayanan Nayar, and C. G. Ramanathan. To strengthen the tutorial work done in the Halls, the Senatus appointed Messrs. C. M. Karunakaran and K. S. Ramamurthi as Junior Tutors in mathematics, and they are a welcome addition to our resident tutorial staff. As our Medical Officer is Lecturer in Physiology and has this year to lecture also to the senior B.Sc. class, the Senatus has appointed Dr. J. Edward Rasalam as Assistant Medical Officer and Demonstrator in Physiology, and St. Thomas's Hall being the farthest from the hospital has secured the advantage of having the Assistant Medical Officer as a resident member of staff.

College Brotherhood

During the first year of our work at Tambaram, the Brotherhood activities were rather restricted, but members of the Committee have been exploring possibilities, and it is a matter for gratification that the new year has begun with activities different from those in George Town and more suited to our present conditions. Our students are making friendly contacts with selected villages, and the moonlight after-dinner entertainment given at Irumbuliyur on August 6 gave very real satisfaction to the villagers. A Village Welfare Association has been formed at Irumbuliyur, and we are glad to reckon among its members one student of Class II who resides in the village. Our students are eager to help the villagers in ways that may be found possible. It is planned that the Irumbuliyur Welfare Association will, with the co-operation of our students, help to create a similar desire for village uplift in the neighbouring villages.

Another new feature of our Brotherhood activities is the encouragement of handicraft among students and we are glad that some of our students have enrolled themselves in a woodwork class. We are also happy to record that fine arts are not neglected, and we are thankful that Mrs. Matthews has helped to form a Painters' Club among the members of the Brotherhood. The efforts to start a night school have not so far been successful, but the members of the Brotherhood helped last year to raise some money to supplement what was contributed by the Athletic Association and by some members of Staff to provide the tennis court pickers with a part-time teacher who gave them lessons from 9 to 11 a.m. on six days in the week.

Magazine Committee

Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan continues to help, and we welcome the co-operation of G. H. Jansen, and K. M. Talgeri, who are carrying out with great interest their duties as Literary Editor, and Advertisements Manager respectively. The News Editor is yet to be appointed, and suggestions regarding this appointment will be thankfully received.

Our Hall Life

The return to residence in our Halls at the beginning of the session meant for many members of the College, both staff and students, the recalling of many pleasant experiences of last year and the awakening of hope for new experiences of interest during the present session. This year the beginning of Hall-life seemed somehow very natural. There were such a large number who already knew its meaning and who settled down quickly to it, and this helped the newcomers to settle down also. Last year was a year of novelty and experiment for all. This year there is a sense of continuity which is reassuring.

In the life of our Halls lies one of the biggest contributions which our College can make to the experience of its teachers and its students. We are grateful for the happiness of our Hall-life during session 1937–38, and we look forward to experiences of even greater value during session 1938–39.

A Student Contribution to the Journal of the Indian Mathematical Society

P. Kesava Menon, the Secretary of the Mathematics Association has published a 'Theorem on congruence' in the *Journal of the Indian Mathematical Society* (New Series, Vol. II). The theorem concerns a number which can be proved to be divisible by an odd prime, with the help of the classical theorems of Fermat and Wilson. Kesava Menon has shown by a special method, that something more can be asserted about this number, viz. that it is divisible by the square of the odd prime.

Distinctions at the last Convocation

At the Convocation held on August 8, Mr. A. Abraham, our Demonstrator in Botany, was awarded the M.Sc. degree. We are also glad to note that at the Convocation students of our College were awarded the following prizes and medals:

The Sir Henry Stone Medal: S. P. Appasami.

The Cardozo Prize: S. P. Appasami.

The Maharaja of Bobbili Gold Medal: H. A. Ratnam.

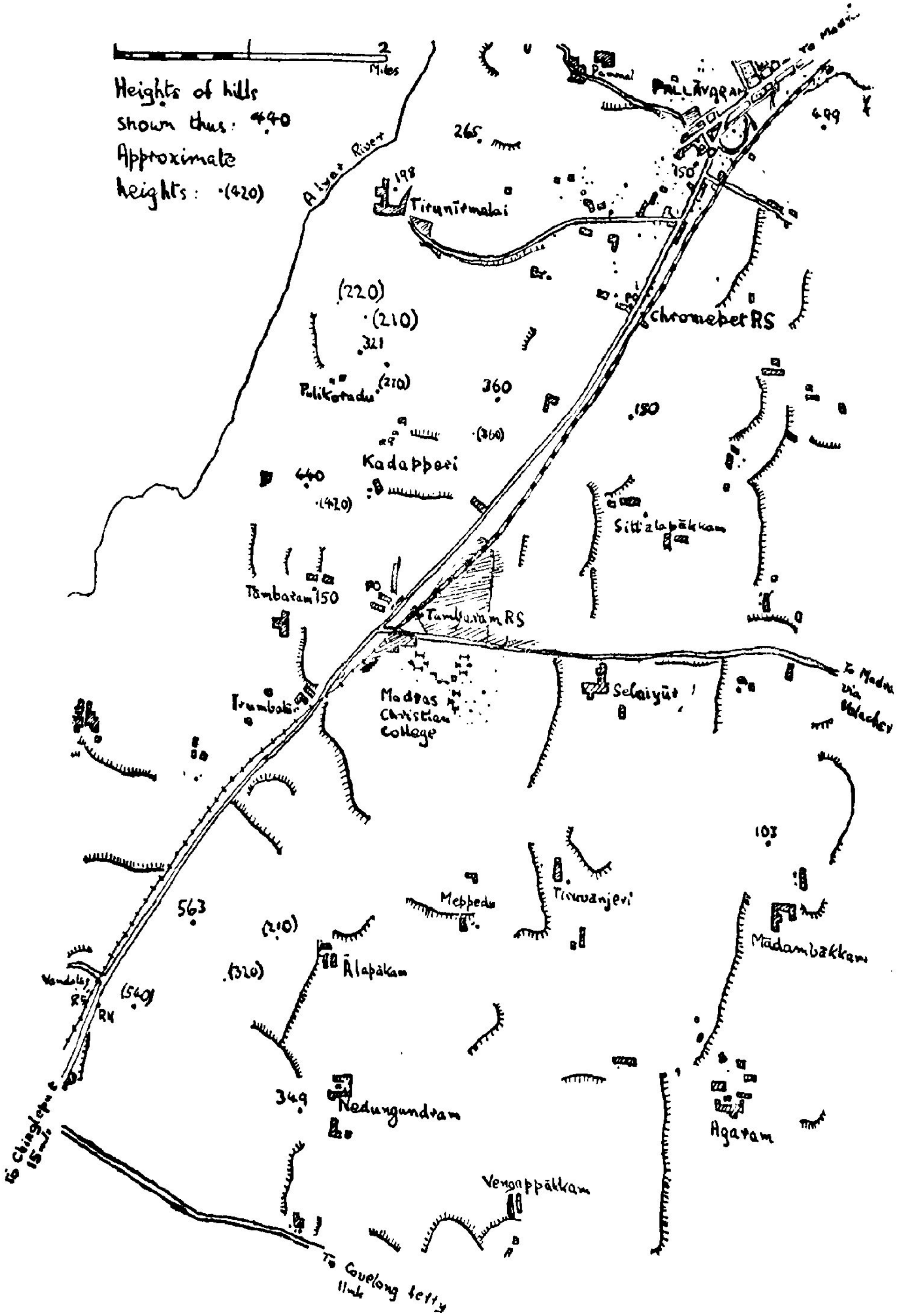
The Krishnamurti Gold Medal I: G. S. Narasimha Reddy.

The Miller Gold Medal: R. Guruswamy.

The Samuel Satyanathan Memorial Gold Medal: M. C. Matthew.

List of Preachers at the College Service for the First Term

July 3 ...	The Rev. A. J. Boyd.
July 10 ...	The Rev. J. R. Macphail.
July 17 ...	The Rev. T. G. Platten.
July 24 ...	The Rev. J. F. Butler.
July 31 ...	Mr. W. F. Kibble.
Aug. 7 ...	The Rev. S. Samuel.
Aug. 14 ...	The Rev. D. Thambuswami.
Aug. 21 ...	The Rev. G. Matthews.
Aug. 28 ...	Mr. G. C. Martin.
Sept. 4 ...	Mr. G. V. Job.



Map of Our Neighbourhood

MADRAS CHRISTIAN
COLLEGE TAMBARAM
AIRPLANEVIEW FROM
1000 FEET ALTITUDE
H SCHAETTI

THE WORLD MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

The International Missionary Council is planning to hold the third session of its World Conference at Tambaram next December. The first session of the World Missionary Conference was held at Edinburgh in 1910 when there was only one Indian representing India, namely the Right Rev. the Bishop of Dornakal (then Mr. V. S. Azariah, a Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in South India). The next Conference at which the Eastern Churches, and the Churches of the mission fields were fairly well represented was held at Jerusalem in 1928. This second World Conference drew up a famous statement on the Christian message, the most important element in which was the recognition of a common basis of faith in God which ought to draw the followers of all religions in a determined campaign against irreligion and secularism. That fine statement of the Christian message ended with an appeal to all Christians and their fellowmen of every creed, or no creed to consider the claims of Christ in whom there was the needed power for individual and world regeneration.

The International Missionary Council planned to hold the third session in the East so that Eastern Churches might have a representation at least equal to that of the Churches of the West. Its venue was to have been Hangchow in China, but the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War made it necessary for the venue to be shifted from China to India, and we are happy to welcome this World Conference to meet in our new buildings at Tambaram.

Over 450 delegates are expected from all parts of the world, of whom 60 will represent India, 10 non-Indian and 50 Indian. The delegates will be housed mostly in the student rooms of our three Halls, and we are happy that the Administration building is nearing completion, thus enabling the Conference to hold its plenary sessions in the large College Hall of this new building. The sectional meetings of the Conference which will carry out its work mainly through its several commissions will meet in the Hall theatres and in the large rooms of the College. We wish the Conference God's blessings.

We are happy that the International Missionary Conference has nominated our former Principal, the Rev. Dr. A. G. Hogg, and our new Principal, the Rev. A. J. Boyd, as members of this Conference outside the representation of the 60 delegates from India. The nomination of Dr. Hogg as a delegate of the Conference made it necessary for Dr. and Mrs. Hogg to change their programme, and we are happy that they shall not be leaving India till after the Conference is over and that many of us will have the opportunity of seeing them before they leave our shores.

The interest of Christian Churches all over the world will be centred at Tambaram in the next few months. Many distinguished Christian leaders from Western and Eastern lands will be visiting India, and they will come in contact with the life of the Church in India and of the Indian nation in various ways and it is our earnest prayer that the Conference will be productive of much good, not only from the point of view of this World Council of Christian Churches, but also from the point of view of the Church in India and our nation which is passing through a momentous period of its history.

GETTING MARRIED

An adaptation of a comedy by Molière, 'Le Mariage Forcé'.

PERSONS:

Old Man, conceited and crotchety
Second Old Man, normal
Young Girl, pretty, silly, spoilt
First Philosopher, } pedantic, ridiculous
Second Philosopher, }
The Girl's Brother, big, strong, a bully

Scene:—A street, showing the door of a house.

OLD MAN, *leaving his house*: I'm just going for a short visit to my neighbour next door. See that nothing goes wrong while I am away. If anybody comes with a bill, tell him I shall be away all day. If anybody comes with money for me, say I shall be back directly.

Enter Second Old Man]

SECOND OLD MAN: Very proper and wise, if I may say so.

OLD MAN: Ah, my dear sir, so it's you, is it? Well met! I was just coming to see you.

S. OLD MAN: Any particular business?

OLD MAN: Yes. I was wanting to get your advice on a matter of the very greatest importance.

S. OLD MAN: I am honoured by your confidence in me, and I shall be delighted to give any help that I can. Only tell me what it is.

OLD MAN: First of all, I must ask you to promise not to flatter me at all, and to tell me exactly what you think.

S. OLD MAN: Since you wish it, I promise solemnly that I will tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

OLD MAN: There is nothing I hate so much as a friend who will not speak frankly.

S. OLD MAN: I quite agree.

OLD MAN: The world is going steadily from bad to worse. There are so few people one can trust to be completely sincere.

S. OLD MAN: How true, how true. But what's the business?

OLD MAN: I was just getting to that. Come, now. Tell me all that is in your mind. What do you think of my getting married?

S. OLD MAN: What! Married! You!

OLD MAN: Exactly. Married. Me. Now what do you advise?

S. OLD MAN: You! Married! Why, my good man, you'll never see fifty again!

OLD MAN: What d'you mean? I am sixty-two, and proud of it. What has that to do with the question?

S. OLD MAN: Well, neighbour, to speak sincerely and frankly, I say that at sixty-two marriage isn't in your line. I consider that even young people ought to think twice before marrying; and I consider that old people ought not to think of marrying at all. Marriage is a foolish business at best; and at your age you ought to have learned wisdom, or you never will. In fact, I would strongly advise you to put the idea out of your head altogether; and I warn you most solemnly that if you marry now you will only be making a fool of yourself.

OLD MAN: What! Allow me to tell you, my good friend, that you're talking nonsense. You think that what you say is the truth, do you? It's not the truth at all: it's humbug, that's what it is. The truth is that I have made up my mind to marry. I have found a bride who suits me down to the ground; she is handsome, and rich, and only seventeen years old. The arrangements are all concluded, and in fact the ceremony is to take place this very morning.

S. OLD MAN: Oh, well, that's another matter.

OLD MAN: I should think it is. Her father approves, and I love her with all my heart.

S. OLD MAN: Her father approves, and you love her with all your heart?

OLD MAN: I tell you, I am crazy about her.

S. OLD MAN: Why, then, marry her, by all means. I have no more to say.

OLD MAN: Forget my age for a moment, and look at things as they are. Do you know any young man of twenty-five who is more vigorous and active than I am? My lungs are perfectly sound: just listen (*he coughs*). Did you ever hear a heartier cough? I can still get about by myself, even (for a short time) without a stick. I still take four meals a day, and enjoy them, and I still sleep eight hours every night.

S. OLD MAN: You are quite right. I spoke without thinking. You are certainly very wise to marry. Just think what a treat it will be for the girl!

OLD MAN: So you advise me to marry?

S. OLD MAN: Of course, of course; it would be silly not to marry.

OLD MAN: Good, good (*shaking hands*), thank you for your very sensible advice. I knew I was right, but all the same I am glad to have my opinion confirmed by one whose judgment I value so highly.

S. OLD MAN: And may I ask who is the fortunate lady?

OLD MAN: The daughter of my neighbour on the other side.

S. OLD MAN: That girl!

OLD MAN; Yes. Do you approve of my choice?

S. OLD MAN: Certainly, certainly. Oh, you will be well married! Go ahead!

OLD MAN: You overwhelm me with joy. You'll come to the marriage yourself?

S. OLD MAN: With pleasure. To see a marriage like this—that girl, and you, only sixty-two—I'd go a hundred miles with pleasure. Oh, a fine marriage! A fine marriage!

[*Exit Second Old Man, laughing.*

OLD MAN : Good, good. It warms one's heart to be able to give such innocent pleasure to one's friends. I haven't seen him so truly happy for years. Oh, I am sure I am right. I feel like a school-boy—like an infant !' But, oh, what good luck ! Here comes my adored bride herself !

Enter Young Girl]

OLD MAN : Good morning, my dear. You are looking lovely for the wedding. And where may you be going now, my precious one ? You sweet future wife of your devoted future husband, eh ?

GIRL : I am going to do some shopping.

OLD MAN : Good, good, how wise you are. The right thing to do, exactly. And how simply and how beautifully you speak, too ! 'I am going to do some shopping.' It couldn't be put better, not even by a Professor of English. And to think that in a few hours more you will be mine !

GIRL : Well, I am looking forward to the marriage too. You can't imagine how strict my father is with me. I can't even go to the cinema more than twice a week, and he will hardly let me have any pocket-money at all. I can tell you I have been miserable. Thank goodness that's all over now. I am marrying a rich man, and an old man, and so I can do what I like. Mrs. X. Y. Z. has been telling me all about it, and how she manages her husband. He daren't say a thing ! So I am going to make up for lost time : I'll go where I please, when I please, and buy whatever takes my fancy, and do everything that suits me. I know that with your experience you are a man of the world, and you will want a modern up-to-date wife. You won't stand in my way, I am sure. You have your office and your club : you'll go your way and I'll go mine. I won't interfere with you, and you won't interfere with me ; and we'll get on as well as possible. You won't be one of those savage old bears who keep their wives locked up at home while they run around and have a good time. I tell you I wouldn't stand it if you tried it on me. I must have crowds of people round me all the time, and plenty of excitement, and everything most expensive. I don't suppose that at your age you would enjoy dancing at the Connemara—you would look funny ! But my brother and his friends will always be glad to take me any day, provided I pay for the drinks. But what's wrong? I don't think you are looking very well today, darling.

OLD MAN : Nothing, nothing, just a slight dizziness ; it will pass off. I often suffer from it.

GIRL : Well, I expect our marriage will put that right in no time. I used sometimes to have headaches for days on end, when my father wouldn't let me have my way ; but I don't intend to have them any more, I can tell you. Well, I must be hurrying. I have to buy some new clothes, and some respectable jewelry ; I'm not fit to appear in really smart society now. Oh, and I must have powder and lipstick, and some lacquer for my finger-nails and toe-nails. At the wedding you'll hardly recognise me ! Of course I'll tell them to send all the bills to you. You want your wife to be a credit to you, don't you ? Well, ta-ta ! I'll be seeing you !

[*Exit Girl ; Old Man reeling*

Enter Second Old Man]

S. OLD MAN: Hullo! I am lucky to find you still here; I was looking for you. A jeweller spoke to me as I passed. He had heard that you were looking for a beautiful diamond ring for your wedding-present to your wife, and he asked me to let you know that he has one on sale now—the most perfect diamond that has come into his hands for years!

OLD MAN: What business has he to interfere? Tell him, with my compliments, that he can wait till he is asked.

S. OLD MAN: Why, what does this mean, neighbour? You were full of eagerness ten minutes ago.

OLD MAN: The truth is, that after you left me, I began to think again about marriage, and to think more deeply, more philosophically. And I find on reflection that I have some doubts on the subject. Moreover, I have just remembered a dream that I had only last night; and I want somebody to explain it to me. I dreamt that I was in an old, old, motor-car, almost falling to pieces; and that I was on a very rough road . . .

S. OLD MAN: Very interesting, I am sure. But I am in a hurry just now, and besides I have never gone in for the study of dreams. There are two philosophers living round the corner. You had better ask them. Good-bye, neighbour, and good luck. A fine marriage!

[*Exit Second Old Man*

Enter First Philosopher]

PHILOSOPHER, *speaking to some one off stage:* You are an impertinent young puppy, my friend, besides being both a fool and a knave!

OLD MAN, *to himself:* I am in luck. One of the philosophers, just when I want him.

PHILOSOPHER, *as before:* I tell you your ignorance is incredible.

OLD MAN: Sir . . .

PHILOSOPHER, *as before:* You are not acquainted in the most distant fashion with the most elementary principles of logic, Indian, European, or even human.

OLD MAN: Sir, I believe I have the honour . . .

PHILOSOPHER: Good morning, good morning. (*Shouting off stage*) Your minor is unsound, your major is inept, and your conclusion is ridiculous. In short, you are little better, you scoundrel, than an undistributed middle!

OLD MAN: Sir, may I . . .

PHILOSOPHER, *as before:* I would be ashamed to own a cow that argued as badly as you do, and I will maintain my original proposition with my last drop of ink!

OLD MAN: Sir . . .

PHILOSOPHER: Eh? Oh, good morning. (*Turning as if to shout off stage again, then changing his mind*) Good morning.

OLD MAN: May I ask, sir, what it is that has put you out so much?

PHILOSOPHER: There is a dolt, a blockhead, an ignoramus, down there, who has been affronting me by the most indecent, the most outrageous, the most monstrous behaviour.

OLD MAN: Why, whatever did he do?

PHILOSOPHER: He ought to be handed over to the police, and to be dealt with as a criminal lunatic: but the police are such illiterate boors, they might not even understand the crime.

OLD MAN: But might I ask, sir, what this crime is?

PHILOSOPHER: He dared, sir,—you will hardly credit it, I know, but I heard it with my own ears,—he dared to speak of opening and closing a door! You can't open or close a door: you can only set it ajar or put it to. What you open or close, when you move a door on its hinges, is not the door, but the room. But when I pointed out his error, he would have tried to argue with me! (*Shouting off stage*) Yes, you blackguard, you haven't heard the last of it yet! I'll see that you are not allowed to spread such infamous and subversive doctrines any further!

OLD MAN, *to himself*: I thought the man must have committed murder at least. (*To First Philosopher*) Shocking, sir, shocking. But I entreat you to compose yourself.

PHILOSOPHER: Compose myself, when an unspeakable ruffian like that is allowed to go loose!

OLD MAN: But, sir, I have a request to make to you humbly. I . . .

PHILOSOPHER: The graceless young scamp!

OLD MAN: I am in a great difficulty, and . . .

PHILOSOPHER: Opening a door! Really!

OLD MAN: He's wrong, of course, hopelessly wrong. But . . .

PHILOSOPHER: I should not be surprised if the earth were to open and swallow him up.

OLD MAN: It would be quite right if it did. (*Shouting off stage*) Have you no sense, no morals, no manners, that you venture to contradict a learned doctor of philosophy, who can both read and write? Off with you! (*To First Philosopher*) There, sir, I think I have disposed of him. Now I beg you to listen to me. I am in the utmost difficulty, and no one but you can help me. I am proposing to myself, sir, to marry a wife. Unfortunately, the lady I think of is younger—a few years younger—than myself. Now, what is your advice?

PHILOSOPHER: Rather than admit that a door can be said to be opened, I would agree to be called a fool.

OLD MAN *to himself*: Bother the man! (*To First Philosopher*) Doctor, I do wish you would listen to people sometimes. I have been speaking to you for half-an-hour, and you heaven't heard one single word.

PHILOSOPHER: I must ask you to forgive me. I was beside myself with rage. Would you believe it, there was a man who said . . .

OLD MAN: Yes, yes, you have told me about it already, and I am whole-heartedly on your side. I am faced with a great difficulty, and I need your help.

PHILOSOPHER: You have only to tell me what your difficulty is, and I am at your service. Is it epistemological?

OLD MAN: No, it's . . .

PHILOSOPHER: Cosmological?

OLD MAN: Certainly not . . .

PHILOSOPHER: Ontological?

OLD MAN: It's nothing of the kind! It's . . .

PHILOSOPHER: Teleological then?

OLD MAN: No, no, no! I tell you.

PHILOSOPHER: Then I must leave you to explain your difficulty for yourself. I have never heard of any other kind of difficulties.

OLD MAN: But I am longing to explain for myself, if you will only have the goodness to listen for two minutes. I want to get married.

PHILOSOPHER: Yes, you must explain your thought fully. The faculty of speech was granted to man so that he might be able to explain his thoughts. Our thoughts are the images of things; and, similarly, our words are the images of our thoughts.

OLD MAN: I want to get married to a beautiful young girl . . .

PHILOSOPHER: Yet these images are different from other images in one very important aspect. Other images are distinct from the objects or ideas they represent. But words are not wholly distinct from thoughts; for you can have words without thoughts, certainly, but on the other hand you cannot have thoughts without words. A thought that is not expressed in words is not a thought at all.

OLD MAN, *putting his hand over the First Philosopher's mouth*: Will you listen to me? (*First Philosopher nods, and Old Man removes his hand.*) Now, then.

PHILOSOPHER: Of course I will listen to you patiently; but you must study to be brief.

OLD MAN: Certainly.

PHILOSOPHER: You must avoid all circumlocutions and all irrelevancies.

OLD MAN: Only let me get started.

PHILOSOPHER: No vague phrases, no unnecessary details. I hate a wordy man. (*Old Man threatens First Philosopher with a stick.*) What, you don't agree that it is a duty always to speak briefly and to the point? You would argue with me? I'll have nothing to do with such an irresponsible chatterbox. You are even worse than the man who would speak of opening a door! (*Old Man thrashes him.*)

[*Exit First Philosopher*

OLD MAN: Was there ever such a fool? What is this philosophy, if that's what it does to a man? Still, since my case is now so desperate, I'll go and look for the other philosopher all the same. At any rate, he can't be worse than this one. Oh, here he comes! I was just coming to pay you a visit, sir.

Enter Second Philosopher]

S. PHILOSOPHER: And what can I do for you, sir?

OLD MAN: Well, you see, doctor, it is like this. I was wanting a little advice about a small matter I happen to be concerned with. (*To himself*) Well, any way, this one listens to a man.

S. PHILOSOPHER: Before we proceed any further, sir, I must beg you to be more accurate in your statements.

OLD MAN: What!

S. PHILOSOPHER: Having regard to the uncertainty of our human cognitive faculties, the proved fallibility of all mental processes, the deceitfulness of speech and the mysteries of mind, it is indeed careless and rash to say plainly and positively 'I want advice'. You ought to say instead, 'It seems to me for the moment—but of course I may be wrong—that I appear to want something which looks to me like advice.'

OLD MAN: But if I seem to myself to want advice, and then say that I want advice, who can contradict me, eh?

S. PHILOSOPHER: But how can you prove, even to yourself, that you do want advice? Or that there is such a thing as advice to be wanted?

OLD MAN: But if I didn't want advice, I wouldn't be here.

S. PHILOSOPHER: Now, do be careful what you say. Are you here?

OLD MAN: Of course I'm here! If not, where am I? Can't you see me? Don't you hear me?

S. PHILOSOPHER: I will admit, for the sake of argument, that I am temporarily under the impression that you are here, but our first duty is always to maintain a strictly open mind.

OLD MAN: Well, well, keep your open mind, and I wish you joy of it. Anyhow, the point is this—or seems to be this. I want to get married—or at least, so it appears for the time being.

S. PHILOSOPHER: How should I know?

OLD MAN: I'm telling you!

S. PHILOSOPHER: It is not inconceivable.

OLD MAN: The woman I think of is young, beautiful, and intelligent.

S. PHILOSOPHER: Such things are reported to have occurred.

OLD MAN: Ought I, or ought I not, to marry her?

S. PHILOSOPHER: Either the one, or the other.

OLD MAN: I ask you whether I am doing wisely in proposing to marry her.

S. PHILOSOPHER: That is as it may be.

OLD MAN: Am I behaving like a fool?

S. PHILOSOPHER: It is possible.

OLD MAN: Please, please, give me your opinion.

S. PHILOSOPHER: That is precisely what I am doing—unless I deceive myself.

OLD MAN: What would you do in my place?

S. PHILOSOPHER: I have absolutely no idea.

OLD MAN: What would you advise me to do?

S. PHILOSOPHER: I think . . . mind you, I am not sure, but I think that you ought to seek advice.

OLD MAN: But this is maddening.

S. PHILOSOPHER: That is a matter of opinion.

OLD MAN: I'll give you something definite to think about (*beats him*).

S. PHILOSOPHER: Oh! Oh! Oh!

OLD MAN: How d'you like that? Can you commit yourself now?

S. PHILOSOPHER:- What impudence! To treat a distinguished philosopher like this! To beat me!

OLD MAN: I must ask you to speak more accurately. It is not philosophical to say that I am beating you. You ought to say that I appear to be beating you (*beating him*).

S. PHILOSOPHER: Will you stop it at once, and apologise, or shall I summon you for assault and battery?

OLD MAN: Either the one, or the other.

S. PHILOSOPHER: My back is all black and blue.

OLD MAN: That is as it may be.

S. PHILOSOPHER: I won't forget this.

OLD MAN: Possibly not.

S. PHILOSOPHER: You will hear about this.

OLD MAN: Such things have been known to occur.

S. PHILOSOPHER: What do you think you are doing?

OLD MAN: I have absolutely no idea (*beating him*).

S. PHILOSOPHER: Oh!

[*Exit Second Philosopher*

OLD MAN: Well, that's better now. I have relieved my feelings a little, anyway. But I still don't know what to do about this marriage.

Enter the Girl's Brother.]

BROTHER: Come on, sir, what are you doing? It is almost time for the wedding, my sister is ready, and all the guests are waiting.

OLD MAN: Yes, but . . .

BROTHER: Everything is ready. You mustn't be late, you know.

OLD MAN, *desperately*: Well, it must be postponed. I don't know what to do. You must give me time to make up my mind.

BROTHER: You can't mean that, sir. Why, you have had more than sixty years to make up your mind. It is all arranged. You can't back out of it now.

OLD MAN: But I am too old. My bodily infirmities are such that . . I need a good, capable nurse, not a wife. I am sure I would make her miserable. It would be unkind to her to force myself on her. I don't know what the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children might do.

BROTHER: Too late to think of that now. What you say may be perfectly true, every word of it; but we have promised her to you, and we won't break our word.

OLD MAN: But I forgive you! I absolve you! I set you free!

BROTHER: Do you really mean that, sir?

OLD MAN: I tell you I was never so serious in my life. This wedding must be postponed. It must be broken off completely. I won't have it!

BROTHER: Well, then, give me that stick.

OLD MAN, *giving it up*: But—but—why?

BROTHER: You will see in a minute. Some people would lose their temper if a man proposed coolly to jilt their sister at the eleventh hour; but I will behave in a perfectly calm and reasonable manner. It greatly grieves me to behave disrespectfully towards a man so very much my senior, a man who in an hour or two, whatever he may think about it, is going to become my brother-in-law: but on reflection I am sure you will see that I could do

nothing else. You leave me no option. Sir, I will now proceed to beat you continuously until you promise to go through with the marriage as arranged. I must inform you, reluctantly but firmly, that either you will marry my sister this very morning, or else you will be thrashed within an inch of your life.

OLD MAN: You can't mean that!

BROTHER: I assure you I do. With your permission, therefore—(*beats him*). It gives me infinite pain, sir, to have to resort to these measures, but I am confident that in my place you would do the same (*beating him*).

OLD MAN: Oh! I'll marry her, I'll marry her!

BROTHER: Sir, I am delighted that you are so reasonable and accommodating. I can say honestly that there is no one I would rather have as my brother-in-law, and I am more pleased than I can say that we agree so wholeheartedly. I regard it as a great honour to my family that you should wish to marry my sister. Shake hands, sir. Come on, now, let us go in together now, and celebrate as expeditiously as possible this auspicious ceremony.

J. R. M.

FASHION

By G. H. JANSEN, *Hons. 4, Br. vii.*

'Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be'—

Wrote one of the more sententious and boring of Victorian poets, evidently referring to the passing of fashions and manners. He overreaches himself, however, when he says that these 'little systems' are manifestations of the Divine. Who, for instance, with any eye for colour could say that the flood of belligerently red 'blazers,' soon followed by those of an even more bilious green, which a year back swept through all the colleges of South India was due to a divine dispensation? All fashions are purely temporary, human phenomena; not so significant as the Zeitgeist but rather more evanescent, a mere ripple on the ocean of human interests.

On examination, a fashion is seen to be not wholly wayward and fanciful; it is based on something that was originally sane and useful; but the fashion is an impudent exaggeration of it—a parody, a caricature of the original. And it is just this quilpish overstatement that, for reasons not wholly inexplicable, catches the public fancy and converts the ordinary unknown into a seven-days wonder.

We may find one such reason in the wily machinations of manufacturers. It would be, obviously, in their interest to know beforehand that a certain book, or type of hat or toothbrush or medicine will be in great demand; they accordingly see to it that it *will* be in demand by telling the public, through that powerful weapon, advertisement—that all the very best people are using them, or that they will die of some loathsome disease or be deserted by their wives or husbands, if they do not begin reading or wearing or using their goods immediately. Fortunately, fashions may be caused by rather more impersonal causes: the late Italo-Abyssinian War caused a pronounced fashion for dress and household articles after the Abyssinian style; an exhibition of Chinese art in London had the same result with regard to China, and we can legitimately expect that the present war in that country will result in a fresh plunge into Chinoiserie. It would be one of the most fascinating questions in sociology to enquire into the deeper reasons why people with such callous insouciance choose to follow particular fashions because of wars. It is only a disappointingly small number of fashions that can be traced back to purely personal whims; it is on record that Beau Nash started one merely by buttoning his coat wrongly.

It is in the field of medicine that the prevalence of fashions has been most remarkable, and most dangerous. We have already passed through the Age of Pills, the Age of Tonics, the Age of Rejuvenators and at present may be said to be passing through that of Vitamins and Hormones. The imagination fairly boggles at the prospect of computing the amount of common iodine or quinine that has been absorbed by gullible mortals under

the delusion that they would provide the first or titillate the second of these latest Idols of the Market Place. That 'health fashions' are really not conducive to health is clear from the fact that those panaceas are most popular which flaunt advertisements most frightening, or most richly adorned with portraits of the latest film-stars. H. G. Wells has immortalised this organised deception in his entertaining history of the cure-all Tono-Bungay.

Contemporary literature abounds in fashions. Bauderlaire and Verlaine in France, Beardsley and Wilde in England started the fashion of 'Degeneration' and eroticism; Galsworthy the opposite one of commonsense and straightforward narrative; T. S. Eliot and James Joyce were once fashionably incomprehensible, and de la Mare and Yeats suitably fantastically-mystic. How much of all this was due to these writers' own genius, how much to the temptation to be the founder of a new intellectual cult cannot be decided as yet, but this latter danger is always present. It is doubly harmful to the artist himself, for he would have to be very philosophic indeed not to become embittered when he outlives his one crowded hour; and his work more than usually meritorious to recover from the obloquy which inevitably follows on such mock enthusiasms.

Even philosophy and psychology have their transient devotions: Pragmatism and Spenglerism, Behaviourism, Psycho-analysis and Bergsonism in the West; and in their early stages, the teachings of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda in the East, have been seized on for a time only to be soon forgotten by their fickle adherents. Fortunately enough it is not the doctrines that suffer here but those who look upon them as nothing further than fashions. Interest in them is usually not based on any real appreciation; more often on half-dispelled ignorance, and they are exploited merely to provide a new set of clever clichés to intellectual coteries.

Cults in art and religion and in politics, the latter especially in this country, are so pitiful and so rapidly-changing as hardly to merit attention.

The real danger underlying the prevalence of fashions is to be found in those who sheepishly follow them. They are undoubtedly subject to a form of mass-hypnotism and in surrendering to it they are voluntarily acquiescing in a reduction of their personal individuality. Such people who go in anxious trepidation lest they should be left behind by this insatiable monster of their own creation which, to use Bergson's phrase, 'gnaws into the future', are a world-wide length from the Elizabethans who handled their fashions finely, boldly and carelessly at a time when, as Moryson, a contemporary writer, says: 'the variety of fashions are as the stars of heaven or the sands of the sea for number.' This dominating attitude is the correct one to adopt towards such transient phenomena, but fashionable people are for the most part being regimented and put into uniforms, and there is too much of this tendency in politics to make it at all desirable in social life. The creators and popularisers of the fashion usually appeal to the most unworthy motives—to cheap loyalties and unworthy prejudices, and they make great play with the blushful horror that most people have of being noticed or commented upon; their victims are cowards trying to be in the right with the first two or three million, and so

justly the most modern fashions make them look either like peripatetic draught-boards or animated museum pieces. Viewed from this aspect, fashion almost attains the supreme indignity of being a form of Behaviourism. It is such an opinion that leads the American philosopher Santayana to say, in his 'Reason in Religion': 'Fashion is something barbarous, for it produces innovation without reason and imitation without benefit.' And Shakespeare has: 'seest thou not what a deformed thief fashion is?'

It is worthy of note that in all the Utopias whether by Bacon, More, Campanella or Wells, fashion is abolished, and it is the experts in decoration, dress, medicine or architecture who decide finally what should be used. A more effective line of action is suggested by the Buddhists who in their Abidhamma-Sangaha consign the depraved Gods Who Delight in Fashioning, to the uttermost limbo of Hell, in which they are doomed to wallow for approximately two thousand million years. Such salutary and summary procedure is, lamentably, not within the reach of everybody. It would perhaps be more useful to compel the more common Gods Who Try to be One March Ahead of Everybody Else to consider some of those creations and discoveries which reduce man and his whims to absolute insignificance, such as a Beethoven symphony or the average age of the red dwarf stars, a timeless face by Botticelli or that of the Bodhisattva in the first cave at Ajanta, or even more, the excellent advice given by Horace in one of his Odes:—

'Be no forecaster of the dawn
Deem it an asset and be gay—
Come, merge tomorrow's misty morn
In the resplendence of today.'

IS HISTORY A SCIENCE ?

By R. PRABHAKAR, *Hons. 4, Br. iii*

A Congress of Historical Science met in August at Zurich. The holding of such a congress proves conclusively that a large body of historians and thinkers all over the world have decided that history *is* a science. Yet, when in 1903 Professor Bury, the distinguished historian declared in his inaugural lecture 'history is a science, no less and no more', there followed a storm of controversy. Scientists contended that history could not in any sense be termed a science. 'A science of history', said Professor W. S. Jevons, 'in the true sense of the term, is an absurd notion.' That was putting it in unmistakable terms, but the scientists felt that they had a pretty strong case. Is not the first step in scientific investigation a careful direct observation of facts? No such direct observation of the facts of history is possible. Experiments are of course not practicable. Every historical event is unique in itself and so there can be no classification of facts. No scientific laws of history can be formulated. The element of accident and the presence of freewill in each individual man destroys all calculation.

On the other hand, literary men declared that science or no science, history is certainly an art. Scientific research can provide at best the bare frame-work of history. It has to be clothed and vivified through the constructive imagination of the artist. They were certainly right. No doubt the student of history finds occasions to wish that Herodotus, Bana and other ancient historians had not been endowed with such fertile imaginations to distort the facts of history and encircle them with a halo of legend. But if history was only a dry collection of facts and dates, it would attract few except bald-headed, be-spectacled professors. Thanks to the constructive imagination and artistic talents of many modern historians, history has become to some quite a fascinating subject. A press notice about a certain text-book on European History published recently declares 'The narrative is so sustained and so fascinating that it makes novelised history a tedious bore by comparison'. That historian was evidently a consummate artist. And so is history an art, after all? So literary men believed and Professor Bury was attacked from both quarters.

But this controversy, like so many other fruitless controversies was a mere battle of words. The terms 'history' and 'science' were bandied about without being properly defined. If this definition of science by Lord Acton is taken as correct, then history can hardly be called one. 'Science is the combination of a great mass of similar facts into the unity of a generalisation, a principle, or a law, which principle or law will enable us to predict with certainty the recurrence of like events under given conditions'. Though science is on an endless quest for generalisations and laws, and longs to predict on the basis of these, it is by no means deprived of its name and character if it fails to attain these goals of its ambition. Meteorology is held to be a science,

and it attempts to predict changes in the weather, though the laws operating in weather changes are as yet undiscovered. Science can be quite adequately defined as 'systematised, organised, formulated knowledge'. Such a definition certainly holds good for history. If the chief characteristics of scientific investigation are a search for truth, accumulation of facts, critical judgment, elimination of prejudice, then historical investigation is certainly scientific.

It must be remembered that the word 'history' is used in several senses. Sometimes it connotes the actual course of events, as when we speak of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon as 'makers' of history. Again it is commonly used to denote a narrative record. There are histories of England, India, etc. But 'history' in its original and strict etymological sense means '*knowledge gained by a process of enquiry.*' The underlying idea is investigation, research, persistent pursuit of the truth. Thus understood, no one can deny history the rank of a science.

Sciences are of various kinds. There are sciences that depend mainly on observation, like astronomy. For others, like chemistry, experiments are indispensable. But history is obviously not a science based on *direct* observation and experiment. It is rather a science of criticism. The historical scientist needs a certain aloofness of mind, freedom from prejudice, and serenity of temper—by no means easy qualities to attain. Few historians can be completely free from national and racial prejudice. Historians like Thucydides are notable exceptions.

But this does not mean that the historian should abstract himself from his environment. It is neither wise nor practicable to do so; for the purpose of the historian is to understand his environment. The study of history helps us to understand the circumstances that have led to the formation of the environment in which we live, and thus also helps us to adjust ourselves wisely to it.

What is the subject matter of the science of history? History is a general term with many subdivisions —political history, economic history, ecclesiastical history, and so on. Startling though it may seem, the sphere of history is as wide as the sphere of human interests itself. At one time the achievements of great generals and enterprising monarchs filled the pages of history. Some histories are just panegyrics on Alexanders and Napoleons with uninteresting interludes in between. But a few historians like Mr. H. G. Wells have shown that developments in science, art, and education have far greater influence on the history of the human race than the dazzling victories of great generals.

Allied to historical investigation are a whole host of subsidiary sciences. Without the assistance of experts in archæology, philology, palæography, diplomatic experts, etc., the historian can gain little information of the past.

Finally, the historian is faced with the difficult task of interpretation. Provided there have been no distortions or omissions, the historian has the right and the duty to interpret the facts that he has collected. This task demands an extraordinary breadth of vision. It is applying the process, so common in other sciences, of generalisation and the framing of laws. And since in history the thoughts and actions of human beings are studied, and not

physical and chemical processes, the historian has to be extremely careful not to deduce rigid, unchanging laws, and to proceed forthwith to fit facts to his theory.

It would not be out of place in this connection to make a brief reference to one of the boldest attempts at a scientific interpretation of history in recent times—the Marxist materialist conception of history.

Marx emphasised the importance of economic factors in determining historical events. While others attributed historical developments to personal ambition, court intrigue, or political aggression, Marx insisted that economic factors underlay all apparently political tendencies. The vague opinion generally prevalent that 'Marxism reduces everything to economics' is not entirely true. Marx recognised that apparently non-economic forces like nationalism and religion influence history, but he held that all these ideals and ideologies are products of the economic environment. Roman Catholicism, for example, was a product of feudal aristocratic society. With the rise of the middle classes or the bourgeoisie it had to give place to Protestantism which reflected bourgeois aspirations for freedom of thought. Thus what is apparently a purely religious development is explained to be the result of an ideological change corresponding to the change in class structure.

The Industrial Revolution, so the theory goes, has split up society into two sharply defined classes whose interests are incompatible—the owners of the means of production, i.e. the capitalists, and the propertyless proletariat, i.e. the working classes. There is bound to be an open struggle between the two classes resulting in the triumph of the workers, who are immensely larger in numbers. The workers are destined to triumph through the logic of history. They have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

This interpretation, like all attempts to confine the actions of human beings within a well-defined and nicely-cut law, reveals a natural tendency to fit facts to the theory. To what crude limits this process can be carried, and how easily this economic interpretation can become a veritable Procrustean bed, is seen in the explanation of the advent of Napoleon Bonaparté in a very recent work by a Marxist historian. Napoleon was a super-bourgeois fighting for the Paris capitalist!

Bertrand Russell thus exposes the inadequacy of the economic interpretation of history—

'Admitting that the great forces are generated by economic causes, it often depends on quite trivial and fortuitous events which of the great forces gets the victory.

In reading Trotsky's account of the Russian Revolution, it is difficult to believe that Lenin made no difference, but it was touch and go whether the German Government allowed him to get to Russia. If the minister concerned had happened to be suffering from dyspepsia on a certain morning, he might have said 'No' when in fact he said 'Yes', and I do not think it can be rationally maintained that without Lenin the Russian Revolution would have achieved what it did. To take another instance:

If the Prussians had happened to have a good general at the battle of Valmy, they might have wiped out the French Revolution. To take an even more fantastic example, it may be maintained quite plausibly that if Henry VIII had not fallen in love

with Anne Boleyn, the United States would not now exist. For it was owing to this event that England broke with the Papacy, and therefore did not acknowledge the Pope's gift of the Americas to Spain and Portugal. If England had remained Catholic, it is probable that what is now the United States would have been part of Spanish America.'

SHALL WE LAUGH AT IT?

By P. S. RAMAN, *Hons. 3, Br. ii.*

When I was a little fellow, my grand-mother used to tell me some stories which were very interesting. One of them was about an old woman whose only donkey which was her sole means of maintenance, died of some incurable disease, for in those days there were no veterinary surgeons for the donkey to die of an operation in a modern fashion. The old woman could not do anything else but to start crying at this grave misfortune that had befallen her. So she started crying and to do her justice, we should say she did it thoroughly well.

A certain Murugan who saw her crying asked her why she did so. She told him that her Mina (for that was the name of the donkey) had died and he also began to shed tears, because everybody in that village was kindly disposed towards that old, solitary woman. Seeing Murugan weep, Kandan also began weeping. And Kandan's wife, as she passed along, saw her husband crying and so started crying herself. Seeing their mother crying, her children also began to cry. Seeing so many people crying, everybody who passed that way thought that some great calamity had fallen upon the poor people and quite unconsciously began to shed tears. In about half-an-hour, about two score and ten people were crying. Just then the six-year old son of one of the men asked his father, 'Why are you crying, Pa?'

Then only did that intelligent man realise that he did not know why he was crying. So he asked the man next to him and he, his next, and he, his next, till at last came the turn of Murugan who said, 'Why am I crying? Because this poor woman's daughter is dead.' 'No, no, I had no daughter at all; it is my donkey that has died,' said the old woman. And then the story goes on to say how everybody looked silly when they understood they had been crying for practically nothing at all.

*   *   *   *   *

I was returning from my evening walk, the other day, and just as I entered the Hall, one fellow came running to me and pulling my sleeve said, 'Don't you go there!' 'He daren't' said another who was with him. 'We will kick him if he does' said a third fellow who looked as if he was bent upon kicking me even if I did not go anywhere. Naturally I was bewildered and asked them where I should not go and why. Before they could answer me, I saw groups of people talking very vehemently in the quadrangle.

The biggest group among them was being addressed by a fellow who was both tall and stout. He was making vehement gestures, and for a moment I thought Cicero himself was there. But just then he raised his head, and I saw he was ugly. So I decided it should be Demosthenes and not Cicero. Should I miss this opportunity of hearing the greatest of Greek orators? So I also joined the audience. When I heard his speech for five minutes I came to the conclusion that it was

neither Cicero nor Demosthenes, but only Subbukutti making an oration about the right of every man to strike, to organise a strike, to take part in a strike, to co-operate with the organisers of a strike, and so on. He was expounding the theory of the fundamental right of man to strike, to organise a strike, to rebel and so on. Suddenly he caught sight of me and said, 'Ramu! you shall not go there!' 'Go where?' I asked. 'We are striking'; the terrible news came out of the still more terrible looking lips of the most terrible orator in the Hall, 'You are organising a strike; what for?' I continued.

'What for?' Subbukutti seemed amazed at this question. 'What for! What for!! What for!!! he pronounced those two simple words thrice. 'So, you refuse to co-operate; it's because of fellows like you that India occupies the slavish position she occupies in the comity of nations to-day; it's because of fellows like you who have no spirit of unity that Mother India is in chains, at the present moment; . . .' began the Hall orator, when I interrupted 'What is the cause for a strike?' Some of the fellows there were also of opinion that my question was a legitimate one. So Subbukutti, whether he would like it or not, had to answer my question.

'It is like this,' he began when he suddenly said, 'Visvanathan can explain that better; you see, I'm no good speaker' and he began to call for Visvanathan, who was shouting out slogans in another group. That rebel leader came running, and on being told why he was wanted, turned towards me, and with a I-am-amazed-at-your-ignorance smile, (I hope Mr. Wodehouse will excuse me for borrowing this kind of phrase from him) began, 'We are organising a strike against the mess; you see the butter-milk that the contractor gives us is very watery . . .', when he was interrupted by Subbukutti, 'It is not about buttermilk that we worry ourselves (He never used to take buttermilk); it is about the ghee; he gives us only two teaspoonfuls (Subbukutti was rather a huge person) and that too very bad smelling' (He was gifted with a large olfactory organ also.) Suddenly a voice from the back of the group was heard, 'It is nothing about the basic food; it is about the special mess; we are not satisfied . . .' Krishnamurthy, who had been trying to make himself heard for the past ten minutes suddenly burst out. 'It is about the behaviour of the servants; they are not behaving well; one of them has insulted Subbamani.' So I did not know which was the true cause; four reasons had been stated, and there were many more who had quite different reasons. Actually one fellow said, 'I do not care whether Subbamani was insulted or not. If he has been insulted, he deserves that; what I care for is better food.' So I asked them who was their leader, for I thought he would be able to give me accurate information.

Only then I found out, that there were not one, but about half-a-dozen self-styled leaders. Subbukutti said he was the leader, and looked as if he would swallow everybody who would oppose him. Ranganathan said it was he; Visvanathan said it was he; Subbamani said it was he. Who was the leader? that was the question, 'Well,' I asked, 'who organised or first began this hubbub which you call a strike?'

Subbamani, with his huge form came near, and standing in front of

me said that he did not know how it actually began. It seems that afternoon he was telling some of his friends that only by organising a strike the mess could be reformed. Visvanathan who was passing the room, in which Subbamani gave expression to this wish just at that time, heard him, and spread the news that the members of the Hall should be prepared for a strike which might be announced at any moment. Ranganathan who thought, on hearing the news, that the strike had actually begun, did his best to promote it. Subbukutti, who heard a strike was afoot, thought it to be a God-sent opportunity to exhibit his oratorical talents.

But when it came to be known that Subbamani was indirectly the organiser, I heard one fellow saying, 'If I had known it was Subbamani, I would not have joined this hubbub at all; he is always doing idiotic things.' Subbukutti also was very much disappointed at finding that his talents had been used in support of the despicable Subbamani. So he began to turn the other side and began his oration, 'Gentlemen, the satyagraha of Gandhi has degenerated into petty fights among students for useless objects where personal rivalry has been embittered by casual division, and all honest and law-abiding students—that sturdy intelligent element which has always formed the backbone of the student community—long for the strong hand which should at any rate keep imbeciles quiet.' (hinting at Subbamani, of course). I was listening to this panegyric of Subbukutti who went on expatiating on the dangers that might arise from strikes and began to say that the theory of individual liberty should not be interpreted as freedom to rebel; it was a freedom for constructive criticism only, etc., when somebody poked me in my ribs, and I awoke.

THE YELLOW PARCHMENT

A Short Story

By K. M. Talgeri, *Hons. 3, Br. ii.*

He found himself staring at the end of a pistol, pointed menacingly at him. The next moment he was shot through the ribs. The green-hooded phantom of his eerie dream had shot him!—and he was dropping dead, absolutely dead, when suddenly he woke up, terror-stricken, breathless! A cold sweat ran all over Omar's face.

It was past midnight. All was dumb, save for the distant howl of a dog and the occasional whizz of the electric locomotive. There reigned a Cimmerian darkness about the place.

Strong and thirty, Omar was not particularly a timid man. Yet he had a morbid aversion for all that went by the name of spiritualism. He shuddered to realise that he was all alone in the fourth-storey room, the dreaded room No. 13, of his dead friend. And that at such an unearthly hour! His mind was a whirlpool of sickening thoughts. He had never divined that his friend's lot would be so cruel. Yet, chance had brought him that evening to this colossal building on Grant Road. Then why on earth did he stay here? Was it because he loved his friend so much? Would it not have been safer to return to his far-off seaside residence at Mahim. . . . . With such thoughts assailing him, Omar was in an overwhelming state of weird frenzy.

All at once his heart gave a thud. It was a tap at the door. An icy chill ran through him.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The idea of screaming aloud for help suggested itself to him. But he could hardly catch his flying senses. He went dizzy. And in that psychological state, a singular inflush of courage seemed to make him face the inevitable boldly. . . . .

All of a sudden, the bolted door flung itself open on its strong hinges in ghostly silence! And there stood in full view the luminous outline of a woman with silvery hair, a shadowy spade in her left hand!

His hair bristled. He sat stupefied. He tried in vain to reach for the electric switch. But the apparition moved into the room.

'Be not afraid! I come here to rescue you. For your life is in danger. Now follow me,—or you are undone!'

Hardly had she finished these frightfully sudden, yet hope-inspiring, words when she turned back, a living flash of lightning, and glided down the stairs as quickly as she had come, as though she did not care to wait for an answer. With a courage that seemed to him almost superhuman, Omar, with nimble steps, followed her, only to find her stop short at the lonely dark corridor of the third storey.

'Rush to yonder garden,—off to the out-house!' was her peremptory command. Omar obeyed it, almost instinctively. And she disappeared!

Shortly after, Omar, his brain working feverishly and his face gone ghostly white, was hurrying up the road like one acting under a powerful hypnotic suggestion. The electric lights on the road were still on, but never had they seemed to shine so

bright before. There was no visible movement of persons nearby. But Omar seemed to hear subdued voices coming as if from some far-off suburb of the slumbering metropolis. He gave a swift glance at his watch. It recorded ten minutes past two. Some mysterious pluck goaded him to his rendezvous.

What a surprise when he saw the apparition already waiting there! He watched her in mystified silence. There she stood, all effulgence against the darkness of the garden. The thin little hands slowly worked the spade, raising a cloud of dust that shone faint yellow in the halo of her radiance. As he began to wonder what would happen next, a heavy mass of human form, in trousers and coat, was unearthed! An indescribable sense of horror seized him. 'I come to rescue you!' The words rang in his mind. For the body was that of his dead friend!

The next instant Omar's gaze turned on her, he saw her hold out to him a strangely folded piece of yellow parchment. How he trembled and trembled as he snatched it with a *swish* from those chill, phosphorescent fingers! And lo, she vanished without a word, plunging Omar into utter darkness again.

So great was the savage terror of the supernatural that struck Omar's heart that he gave one mad leap into the dark,—and ran he did not know where. He felt as one who had run amok. Suddenly he struck against something hard and fell unconscious.

* * * *

It was broad daylight when Omar woke up to find himself in a police station. He was covered with bandages about his head and arms. An expression of utter exhaustion was plainly visible on his face. He began to wonder what it was all about. The doctor was filling a glass for him: Surrounding him were a couple of policemen in uniform and the Detective-Inspector Jacks. Every face wore an anxious expression. It was evident from their looks that they meant no harm to him. In fact, they seemed to prize his life greatly.

Omar broke the silence. 'Where am I and what are you doing with me?' was all that he could bring himself to say. Upon which Jacks raised his eyebrows, surveyed Omar for a minute, coughed hoarsely for another, and then thrust into his hands a late edition of *The Bombay Chronicle*,—a procedure not a little surprising to Omar, coming as it did from Jacks,—*the* Inspector Jacks,—who for the first time now in his long and eventful career, had resorted to a different technique of criminal investigation. Jacks seemed to have forgotten to produce his first shower of questions.

Omar's attention was at once rivetted on the bold flaming head-lines on the front page:

SENSATIONAL TURN TO 'BOMBAY MYSTERY MURDER CASE'. UNCANNY EXPERIENCES OF VICTIM'S FRIEND. STRANGE 'GHOST' FOOTPRINTS BESIDE EXHUMED BODY . . . .

Omar stopped at that with a shudder. The words swam tumultuously round his brain with the horrid impressions of his ghostly night. But Jacks would not allow him to read it further.

Suddenly Omar remembered something. His hands dived into his pockets.

'Say, don't you get excited,' bellowed the doctor, 'you're weak and you need rest,'

Omar stared at him. And then at the Inspector. Jacks for once had 'detective' written all over him.

'Where,—where,' began Omar, almost gasping for breath; but before he could proceed, the detective, with a half-suppressed chuckle, said 'That's all right, man, I've the thing with me.'

'What?' demanded Omar, all abroad.

'The yellow parchment,' replied Jacks with a grin.

Omar's heart gave a jump. And he asked Mr. Jacks to let him see the thing at once or he should go mad.

'No, no, not so soon,' answered the detective, his bright eyes twinkling all the time, 'but you must first tell me if you have read the contents already.'

Omar swore he had not seen a word of it, and Jacks was as certain as anything in human calculation can be made certain that Omar was speaking the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Mr. Jacks then dismissed everyone in the room and proceeded to talk to Omar. 'That note,' he said after a thoughtful silence, 'was found in your pocket when we picked you up unconscious in the early hours of the morning just twelve yards from the exhumed body. It has been precious to me, and perhaps, more precious to you; for while it has saved my prestige, it has saved your life! Well, be that as it may,—now tell me all that happened from the moment you entered Room No. 13 till you lost your consciousness.'

Omar narrated to him the whole incident without keeping anything away.

'Most wonderful!' ejaculated the detective, and with his inevitable chuckle, added, 'now read this mysterious parchment for yourself.'

Omar read it and was speechless for a moment. In it was written in a singularly wiry, feminine hand, a graphic account of his own incident as described by the apparition, as also of the mysterious circumstances under which the crime had been committed some days before. With these words the letter ended: '........ and the murderer is at large as the Detective-Inspector thinks. He will be taken by surprise this morning at eleven minutes past seven at Crawford Market in front of shop No. 2626.—THE DEPARTED WIFE OF THE DEPARTED HUSBAND.'

* * * *

The murderer was arrested just as the ghost had prophesied.

Inspector Jacks is now a secret member of a strange esoteric society existing in an obscure township in northern Tibet, reputed to be the haunt of disembodied souls!

GHAZNI MUHAMMAD THE SECOND

A Narrative

By TASMANIA, *Cl. I, Gr. ii.*

This narrative has no connection at all with the Ghazni Muhammad of Indian history. This is an account of my unsuccessful invasions on the editors of magazines who refused to publish my articles.

My invasions began about four years ago. Up to that time I had never paid any attention to writing articles. One day I came across an old issue of *My Magazine.* Having had no other work to do, I read through it with very great enthusiasm.

That night I thought how happy the writers of the articles should be when they saw their names in the magazine. I was urged by some force within me, to try my luck at writing. The next two days saw me planning a love story and writing it out. But before I could send it to any magazine, the rats made good use of it and thus saved me one anna and three pies. After a pause of about a week, I again wrote two more articles, and these were duly posted to another magazine. But the mystery surrounding their disappearance still remains unsolved.

After my defeat, I began to write short and funny stories. None of them was published and the stamps I enclosed to cover the return postage of my articles were never used by the editors. But I saw pages of my articles in the market and in some stores. My failure to write short stories which would be accepted by the editor broke my heart and I gave up the idea of writing to the magazines. But the desire was within me and tempted me to write again. At last I fell a victim to the temptation and wrote a short story which was really short (only 30 lines) and was very funny indeed (at least it seemed so to me). I sent this to *The Citizen of Madras.* My article was duly returned to me with the following letter from the editor:

....

....

'Dear Sir,

I have very great pleasure in forwarding to you, your story which reached my office yesterday. Your name is well known in the newspaper and magazine world and so I did not bother to go through your story.

Let me give you a piece of advice. Never write for magazines. If you can't help writing, write; but do not send them to me. You may do well to sell your articles to some store-keeper as, he at least, will give you some remuneration for the paper, if not for the sweat of your brow.

Yours faithfully,

....

(*Editor*).'

I ignored this letter and continued writing and wasted gallons of ink on reams of paper. The postal charges grew enormously. But still I continued writing in the hope that some editor would, out of fear

of further bombardment, publish them. I was sorely disappointed. The editors were adamant.

At last, Fortune and Luck seemed to smile on me. One evening on my return from the college I was surprised to find a copy of the *The Madras Express* lying on my table. The wrapper revealed that it had been posted by the editor himself. Let me tell you, now at least, that I am fond of Sherlock Holmes and his extraordinary reasoning powers. I had wished to try to reason like him if only I should get a chance. A chance had come. I took my pocket lens (I always carried one with me) and very carefully, with gloved hands examined the packet. It was clear that no one had tampered with it. There were a few dots on the wrapper and my name was not written in a steady hand. I finished the examination and sat down in an arm-chair to draw my conclusion. I closed my eyes and recollected the data. 'My name was written in a shaky manner. It was therefore obvious that the packet had been posted hurriedly.' I rose up and noticed the time of posting. It was 5–15! So, I was right. I returned to my arm-chair, drank a cup of coffee, and again fell to reasoning.' I was not a subscriber, and I had not bought the magazine. It was clear from the wrapper that the editor had sent it to me. Now, why should he do so? The final clue rushed to my mind. I had submitted an article. The solution at once shot into my mind, '*My article was published in that issue of the magazine.*'

I hurriedly rose up and tore open the wrapper. I glanced through the contents. My article was missing. I read through the contents again and again, even with the magnifying lens. I thought that the title might have been changed and so I read through every page of that magazine. No trace could be found. But on the last page I discovered a note written by the editor. It ran thus:—

....

....

'Dear Sir,

I have great pleasure in informing you that you have vanquished Ghazni Muhammad completely and set up a new record. You have invaded the newspaper and magazine-world fifty times within the past two years.

So, I have the honour of conferring upon you, sir, on behalf of the newspaper and magazine-world, the title of 'GHAZNI MUHAMMAD THE SECOND.'

Yours faithfully,

....

(*Editor*).'

I now knew for certain that no magazine would publish my articles. But yesterday I saw on our college notice-board the editor's appeal for articles to be published in the *Magazine*. A thought struck me that an account of my adventures would make a narrative worth publishing. If this also fails to find a place in our *Magazine*, I shall think that I very well deserve the name of Ghazni Muhammad the Second.

AN APOLOGY FOR LIARS

By B. Srinivas Rao, *IV-B.Sc., Gr. ii.*

No politician is more fiercely assailed, no author of a passage in literature is more severely criticised, and no knave is held in greater disrepute, than the liar. Philosophers there are who see in a lie only the opposite of truth, preachers there are who denounce the liar as the vilest of mortals, and teachers there are who expatiate on the horrors of lying and condemn the practitioners of this art outright. Yet, despite this ceaseless campaign against lying, in the midst of Truth Untruth persists even as in the midst of Darkness Light persists.

Human nature was first analysed by the sages thousands of years ago—history furnishes proof of this—and it is universally accepted that more often than not it is easier to lie than to utter the truth. Witnesses in a Court of Honour are sworn in to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but nothing is more openly transgressed than this. But here pedants may ask 'Has not man a conscience?' Of such we only ask 'What sort of a conscience has man?' The fact is that lying is in the natural order of the universe; to overcome this tendency and utter the truth is to go against one of the fundamental laws of nature. We are ever reminded not to go contrary to the laws of nature, but in this—speaking the truth,—the breach is deliberately unnoticed.

The most frequently repeated axiom is that all lying is abject and mean; therefore, to lie or not to lie, is now the question.

Lies are of various kinds and magnitude, and consequently liars are of different sorts and temperaments. Some lie from motives of jealousy, with a view to overcome their enemies; some do so in order to extricate themselves from an uncomfortable situation and redeem themselves in the eyes of their fellows; and others indulge in the habit merely for the fun of it. Much may be said on each of these classes.

Jealousy is bad. But the great Cæsars of Rome were jealous of one another's power, and the street urchin before you, good reader, is even now jealous of his fellow's gain. This is human nature—a blessing on it!—and this is our immediate concern. We are concerned not with what man ought to be, but with what man was, is now, and will continue to be. If it is therefore accepted that jealousy is inbred in human nature and hard to remove—in spite of the numerous protestations from higher circles!—it is easy to find some justification for one who has lied because of a desire to oust a rival. Lying in such a case is accompanied by tact and is useful in that it helps one to supersede another. And after all to be the leader of men is the principal aim of life's eternal race.

There are times in the life of a man, or even a nation, when a good lie truly uttered serves a useful purpose. The greatest generals and the most famous playwrights are known to have lied. In such cases either the age of the general or the popularity of the playwright helps gloss

over the falsehood, and an idiotic society gazes on these mortals with stupid veneration. This is in itself a lie; to attempt to conceal the truth is also to lie.

The Dictators in the West are even now deliberately lying and achieving their ends. Mr. Honesty gives fairly untrue accounts to Mr. Integrity, and the latter utters a lie in all sincerity merely in order to throw light on the true state of affairs. What consummate hypocrisy! The Japanese accuse the Chinese and the Soviets of provocation, and the latter retort with equal vehemence that the former are clearly the aggressors. Now it is clear that one of the three is a liar; but how well the game is played, and what ingenuity is exercised by the players!

Student life abounds with instances of lying. How often has not one loitered into forbidden territory and when questioned calmly replied that his feet carried him thither while the eyes were rivetted on the heavens, and the mind was absorbed in reflection?—how often has not one taken immense pains to transgress a College or Hall rule and when ordered to give reasons for his action has cleverly found loopholes in the rule itself? Human ingenuity is capable of rising to inconceivable heights.

Fame and position are often gained by the utterance of a single simple lie, which is therefore of paramount importance in everyday life.

Other liars who roam freely amid the thronging populace help to enliven the company around them. The clown repeats untruths with a tact well nigh astonishing, and his hearers laugh till their sides ache. He consciously repeats 'I am a fool, a fool; oh what a fool!' and elicits rounds of applause. Another such liar gives a lengthy account of his adventures in his tour round the globe:—his thrilling duel with a pigmy in the heart of the Congo forest—his being swallowed bodily by a python, and coming out alive after the monster's belly had been ripped open—his hair-raising, breath-taking moments among the cannibals of the Pacific—and his delightful romance with the Senorita at Granada! Gentlemen and gentle women, the speaker is not a braggart, he is a man amongst men. For after hearing his recital, is there one clouded face among us? Care and anxiety have vanished, and mirth and jollity have taken their place instead. Our dear Liar has introduced happiness, and for that alone we are infinitely bound to him. 'A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. His or her entrance into a room is as though another candle has been lighted'.

In all this we follow in the steps of the greatest humorist of all time—Falstaff—

FALSTAFF.—Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old word; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

PRINCE.—What, four? Thou saidest but two even now.

FALSTAFF.—Four, Hal; I told thee four.

These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

. . . .

began to give me ground; but

I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

. . . .

Good Falstaff says much more, but it is all too, too funny. Each year enormous prizes are awarded to those who work in the cause of peace or in the advancement of medicine, and for new inventions in the realm of science, while the humbler few who do not swim in a sea of glory and are content with merely bringing happiness to those around them are shamelessly ignored. Good folks, let us rub our eyes, and behold the majestic personages before us; let us doff our hats to Falstaff and his jolly companions!

A discussion of this embellishing art is incomplete without a reference to the habitual liars. These exponents of the art are remarkable for their versatility. It is wonderful how they can fabricate a lie, and it is even more wonderful how they add story after story to their edifices till the skyscrapers reach giddy heights and yet show no signs of weakness. Only a good mason with immense potentialities can build a super-structure of that sort. Herein lies the liar's excellence.

A robber who pursues his nefarious activities even against the dictates of conscience is guilty of a grievous wrong, but a man lying with a clear conscience is to be classed among the most blessed of mortals.

Liars are a worthy set of fellows. They do more service to society than they are generally believed to do. Their magical words are the outcome of a supersensitive and romantic brain, and their lives pulsate with unbounded energy. Their wits are sharpened on the whetstone of lies, their sagacity is increased by constant practice, and their wisdom is that of the Masters. For in life which is the greater: the British Empire or the fiddle-stick's end?—the answer is far to seek; the liar or the philosopher?—each is good in his own way and each is master of them that know.

Even in this modern era there exists in distant Aberdeen a club styled the 'Society of Liars'. The members of this fraternity collect of an evening and rack their brains to fabricate the greatest lie of all time, and be crowned 'King of Liars!' Is this king the wisest sage or the most egregious of donkeys? Whatever he be, the company feel the murky atmosphere of their city far less irksome than the husky cartman, the busy shop-girl, or the insane politician.

Gentle reader, this is an honest endeavour to estrange Mr. Wiseman from the society of conventionalists, to show what may be urged on the other side, and to procure for the Liar a morsel of bread and a drop of water at the doorstep of virtue. If this end has been served my mind is at rest, if not, I humbly crave your pardon.

MY ONE IDEA

By S. T. APPACHANA, *Hons. 3, Br. vii*

While I was a little boy of five I secretly made up my mind to be a policeman. I just could not resist the splendour of that individual in his silver buttons and scarlet pugaree. The charm wore off when I went to my first circus. From then I madly wanted to become a ring-master.

To stalk about the circus-ring, cracking a whip at the galloping animals was my one idea of sublime happiness. But, after I commenced to read about Robin Hood and His Merry Men, and stories of bandits and pirates, I seriously made up my mind to become a bandit and a great one at that. I have stuck to that idea ever since.

It might seem a little barbaric. But what man has not a bit of the savage in him? Just land a punch on your friend's nose and see if he does not behave for all the world like a hungry cannibal.

I cannot think of one single profession that can afford me so much interest and so much thrill. As to money, won't I have the hoarded treasures of the country for the taking?

Well, do I want a car? I can pick out the best from among those parked nearabouts. The chauffeur, if he is there, and if he happens to resist, might have to be knocked on the head. My work completed, I could just leave the machine like a used up cigarette tin, for the police are there to restore it to the owner. No thoroughbred bandit worries about garage or petrol for his car.

Of course, I will collect a band of swashbuckling desperadoes about me. Fellows that can shoot a cigarette from off one's lips and open safes and locks like wizards of Egypt. I will recruit these from among the ranks of unemployed graduates, lawyers without briefs and insurance agents without business.

Now, people would want to ask me why I must study in a college if my sole purpose in life is to become a bandit. Well, I want to be a cultured bandit, the sort that can get enchanted by the divine verses of Kalidas and Shakespeare, besides freezing the hearts of great merchants and bankers.

The more I dream of that life, the more it fascinates me. Everything else looks so tame and dull. Whichever way I may see, I find that only bandits get a kick out of life, and command respect in the world. Just think of Hitler and Mussolini. Pure bandits, you'll agree, but only large scale ones—veritable kings of the tribe. They said, Hey, Presto, and one grabbed Austria and the other Abyssinia and when their guns bellowed and aeroplanes zoomed, the world stood cowed. The same happened in the past. Chengiz Khan, Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar were great bandits, that stole countries and despoiled cities. And with what hushed reverence men mention their names now! Again, who are the dukes and earls of the present day? Are they not the descendants of bold freebooters and

thugs? One fierce outlaw gathered around him a large following of cut-throats, built a stone castle and held the land for miles around by the might of their swords, and the king a greater one of their species gave them lordly titles to enlist their help for his own thugee work. Their descendants now form our aristocracy, live in gilded palaces and dictate the fortunes of our country. But, don't they deserve it? Whose fault is it that others behaved like cows while they lorded like lions?

The other thing about bandits that appeals to me is their extreme frankness. They are not like the great moneyed magnates that suck the blood of suffering humanity by a myriad mystic trade devices and reap harvests from famines. These latter do not kill with knife or gun, but inflict living death upon millions. But, a bandit is frank about the whole affair and gets the money he wants at the point of the pistol. Not for him the hundred fishy devices that go by the name of trade. And this valiant soul for being honest about it, is hunted by the police, has a price laid on his head, and often meets his doom at the end of a halter or in the electric chair. Is not the man who buys up the grain market and sells again at fantastic prices, bringing gnawing hunger and desolation to a thousand homes, worse than a hundred bandits? It is no crime for a man to live in a palace, feast and languish to the tune of the courtesan's anklets while poverty and disease dance at the doors of a million homes? But, the honest bandit is hanged.

Whatever the end, for the end must come, what a glorious life! A life that demands extreme daring and the sharpest wit; to be the terror of the men, and to be secretly admired by the women, for what woman will not admire strength and courage though in a bandit? But, here, I must sound a note of warning to those fellows that are getting enthusiastic about this mode of life. Be wary about Eve. John Dilinger, the greatest gangster that America has produced was betrayed by a woman in a moment of jealousy. But he died game with the gun hot in his hands.

Not for me a quiet existence in the immediate neighbourhood of clicking typewriters, nor will I take to growing cabbages and go out of life like a snuffed out candle. I must matter something in the world and that as a bold, honest bandit. I dream of a splendid future. Gay visions float before my mind's eye; visions of the grand cars that I will drive in without paying for them or petrol; the rich banks that I'll hold up along with my lusty comrades; desperate battles with the police; to be the talk of the country; the despair of the police; my name to flare in thick headlines in the paper; to live a life of throbbing adventure; to flirt with death; Oh, the thrill of it!!

AN EVERY-DAY COMIC SCENE

By O. V. Elias, *Class IV*.

Before the eighth tick of the clock subsides, the peon rings the 'study-bell' in the evening. A few students run, rather pretend to run to their rooms, while some others are still chatting and eating in the mess.

At this juncture some are having their 'evening walk', so to say, inside the common-room or library as the case may be. They are, no doubt, waiting for the newspaper. They don't make any difference between the *Hindu* and the *Madras Mail* for the time being. The noise in the nearest bush and the movement of something somewhere on the road produce a psychological effect in their minds. At last a hem or a cough is heard at a distance, and the 'Royal person' comes up in a cool and calm manner with the paper. Once the paper is inside the room, what a pell-mell goes on there! At this noise more students turn up to make the scene a success.

The ten or twelve students share these five or six sheets, with the true Christian spirit. Naturally, they forget their enmity, if there is any. Those two, who condemned each other a few hours before are reading the same sheet. The paper is held between the right-hand of the one and the left-hand of the other. What unity! Mahatmaji has succeeded! India will get Swaraj very soon, if things go on like this. Yet there are some (one or two perhaps) who want to read separately. They try to avoid friends, with an affected seriousness. They go away to some corner of the room with a sheet (usually the central page or the 'sports-news'). Their attitude reminds me of the saying 'A dog with a bone knows no friends'.

Now a student who thinks himself to be an athlete cries out 'Hammond out for . . .'. Then one budding politician reads 'Mahatmaji interferes in C. P. affairs'. More of these headlines are heard every minute. 'Lathi charge on students'. 'Bombing in . . .'. 'Indian ladies welcomed by the Queen'. 'Double century for Bradman'. 'Crossed the Atlantic "By mistake" in a condemned second-hand plane', etc., etc. In this manner the headings sound and resound in the air until at last these politicians and athletes come back to their senses. Another two or three are now commenting upon the photographs, while some others are fixing their programme for the next Saturday. 'Where should we go?. To the Roxy or to W—'? Another interesting picture is that of a senior student who (thinks that he) has a chance of passing in the university examination. He is carefully reading the column titled 'Wanted', though he believes in the theory that 'the sooner one graduates, the sooner he becomes unemployed'. These students cannot sleep, unless they act their part every day in the above manner, while many others can do the same silently.

....AND SOME FELL BY THE WAYSIDE

The response to the editor's appeal for contributions to the first issue of the College *Magazine* has been distinctly encouraging. Unfortunately not all who are called are chosen; but we feel that it is necessary to make some comment, encouraging and otherwise, on those articles which do not appear in this issue.

We would like first to deal with the various attempts at 'poetry.' Certainly the best of these was a translation from Telugu '*To L. R.*' It was extremely poetical, but just failed to be poetry, unless that term is widened to embrace metre-less 'free verse.' The translator secured a fine plangency by skilfully beginning his stanzas with 'Nought shall' 'Nothing shall' alternately; he was however sometimes guilty of confusion of thought, mostly due to mixed metaphors as when, for instance, he speaks of 'the elixir of the tales of my life,' or 'the Autumn moon doth rain her showers of coolness and delight.' If we may say so, despite these shortcomings, the poetical values in this attempt were true. By a strange perversity of outlook the U. T. C. seems to inspire its members with 'the brave translunary things' that the poets have. A member of the First Class was evidently tortured into writing a poem on '*B. Coy. Christian*' 'with pain God alone knows,' as he himself says. May we suggest, in all humility, that poetic license will not cover such excesses as 'machine gun like numbering follows' and '"Dismiss" heard, our faces glow'? Another member of the same class, whose blossoming literary aspirations are received with special pleasure, decided to sing the glories of Shakespeare and goes on to say 'Hamlet and John Falstaff make my sorrows double and half' a tribute, which we are sure, would abash even that hardened old sinner. But to call Shakespeare the 'Prime pool of Oblivion' is hardly complimentary. A long 'Metaphysical' poem which drew an elaborate analogy between the sunset and mortality was also submitted. The author certainly has the ability to make a little go a long way.

We would next like to say something on two essays that we received, both on the question of Hindi as a common language. It is obvious that any matter so controversial treated so seriously as the writers have done, can hardly figure in the columns of a College *Magazine*, and this holds true for all essays on matters of contemporary politics. One of the essayists draws up a formidable array of statistics. 'Hindustani is spoken by 11 crores, Bengali by 5 crores, Telugu 2 crores' etc. which is hardly conducive to an interesting essay.

The short-story writers were rather unfortunate and it is our melancholy duty to comment on four such attempts. The first is called '*The Boy at the steering*', the writer caring so little for this child of his imagination that he did not even trouble to complete the title. The rest of the account was similarly slipshod and the story had no point whatsoever. '*An hour with the Martians*' by the bard from the U. T. C. was at once too imaginative and too earthly, using that

word in its most literal sense. The writer certainly displays considerable fertility of imagination when he says that Martians danced instead of walked but he flutters in a less rarified atmosphere when he points out that the Martian dictator was equipped with a Remington typewriter! Such statements as: 'the Martian women were tall and lean with well-clipped "R o n a l d Colman" moustaches' (a priceless touch this) makes us wonder whether the age of chivalry is really past. This writer is ambitious, and is, we feel, capable of better things. Even more ambitious was the author of '*Forest Justice*' a long short story, which was omitted mainly because of its length; if abridged it may yet be accepted. The conclusion is a trifle too improbable and the writer puts all his cards on the table when, in the very first paragraph, he says that his hero-villain was 'unscrupulous and the rankest coward on earth'—after that we have only to lean back and watch him come to a sticky end and even that lacked 'snap.' The language was vigorous and straightforward. Diametrically opposed to this was the language in which '*The Interrupted Melody*' is written. In this short story incident was completely lacking and the whole of the interest was thrown on the language and atmosphere and sentiment. This form of short story is usually attempted only by the masters in that form of literature and Galsworthy and Chekov especially excel in it. The writer in this case failed to rise to the occasion. The sentiment, a faded-rose's cynicism and 'sentimental melancholy' in his own words, is forced and artificial: he speaks of the lovers 'engaged in pleasant conversation on all topics of current interest' and, though possessed of but slight experience in these matters, we venture to say that surely those comical animals do not behave in such an exemplary manner! The language is consciously rhetorical but often shades into meaningless pomposity: 'I lived in an intellectual dreamland of bliss' is almost a contradiction in terms, while to say that 'the moon was sulky and bore a black face' is to be guilty not only of mixed metaphors but of bad astronomy. The writer would be more effective perhaps if he dealt with a less intangible theme.

The three essays '*On sleeping in class*', '*The Stars of Heaven*' and '*My Night-mare*' were of very varying quality. The first treated its irreverent topic somewhat too seriously, the second, which dealt with some aspects of astronomy was concerned too much with importing text-book facts and was written in a condescendingly simple manner. The popularising of the latest scientific discoveries has been done too thoroughly by Jeans and Eddington on the theoretical, and by Noyes in parts of 'The Torch Bearers' on the poetical, side for anything on the same subject to be uncritically accepted. Essays on the lesser known sciences such as archæology, anthropology; and even nephology and phrenology would be very acceptable. To be informed that 'light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second takes more than four years to reach our earth from the nearest star twenty-four billion (24,000,000,000,000) miles away' is an insult to one's intelligence. The third essay dealing with the minor nuisances of hostel life was too topical in its references but in all other respects was of a type which should figure largely in a College *Magazine.*

'*I go a hunting*' was promising but too naive.

It is fatally easy to criticise. We hope that we have not succumbed to that temptation and that whatever criticisms are made above will be found as helpful as they were intended to be. Not all rejected articles have been mentioned here; we would like to thank the authors of all such articles besides those commented on above for their helpful attempts. We can only plead in extenuation that—to parody Lovelace.

'I could not love thee, dear writer,
so much
Loved I not the *Magazine* more.'

Literary Editor.

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND

The familiar tag 'The proper study of mankind is man' is almost too trite to quote, but it is none the less true, and in reviewing the volumes before us[1] we are once again impelled to regret that anthropology does not form one of the subjects in the curriculum of Madras University. In a country like India with its enormous range of racial and social differences, a widely diffused knowledge of comparative social and cultural anthropology would be of immense value to those who have the future welfare and greatness of the nation as a whole at heart. Yet probably some of those who read these lines are scarcely aware that there is such a science as anthropology, and do not know what the word means! Let us explain, then, that anthropology is the 'ology' or study of 'anthropos' or man. It is the comparative study of the physique, material culture, social customs and religion of the different races of man, and especially of those which have not yet succumbed entirely to that uniform machine-ridden c u l t u r e which we call modern civilization.

Ignorance is the mother of prejudice but knowledge begets sympathy and understanding. In a world so sharply divided by class, caste, communal and racial prejudices some knowledge of the outlook and customs and beliefs of those who differ from ourselves would go far towards breaking down the barriers of separation. Men always seem to fear that of which they are ignorant, and a great deal of communal and racial hatred is based on nothing but false and mistaken notions of the outlook and customs of the other party.

It was with strong approval, therefore, that the present reviewer read the plea for the study of anthropology which formed the Presidential Address at the Golden Jubilee meeting of the Bombay Anthropological Society, and is published in the Society's Jubilee Volume. Besides the account of the Jubilee meeting, the volume contains a varied collection of original papers on anthropological topics, mainly Indian. As is natural in papers written primarily for a learned society many of them deal with detailed and specialised subjects which will not make an equal appeal to the general reader, but even those completely unversed in technicalities would be entertained by the article by Mr. Verrier Elwin on the Mythology of the Baigas, while the student who is inclined to bemoan the amount of ground he has to cover for his University course might ponder on the list of 64 subjects of study prescribed for the education of a cultured lady according to a Hindu writer of 300 B. C. which forms the material of another paper!

It is difficult to say much in a review on the other work under notice, Vol. 1 of 'The Travancore Tribes and Castes'. This is a compilation on the lines made familiar by Thurston's seven volume 'Castes and Tribes of Southern India', and Mr. L. K. Ananthakrishna Iyer's works on the 'Tribes and Castes of Cochin and Mysore'. In the present volume the latter's son, Mr. L. A. Krishna Iyer, does the same service for Travancore. These works are extremely useful to the student, and probably also to the social worker and administrator, as ready books of reference to the customs of the social groups described.

T. G. P.

[1] *The Anthropological Society of Bombay.* Jubilee Volume. 1938.
The Travancore Tribes and Castes. Vol. 1, by L. A. Krishna Iyer, M.A. Government Press. Trivandrum. 1937.

THE SILENT CALL

By K. M. TALGERI, *Hons. 3—Br. ii*

If an Atheist unawares
To your surprise declares
That God is an absolute myth,—
And a Rationalist bold
Does strongly hold
He has no faith in Faith,—
Does Truth ever cease to be Truth?

What matters it to anyone
Whether one holds this or that opinion?
For in the nature of things
One often changes like birds on wings
And the conflict of views so often breeds
A multiplicity of factious creeds.

But are we the happier for the dogmas we belligerently preach,
When spiritual conviction is more a matter of silence than of speech,
Where the aspirant is guided by the still small voice
Not by the ponderous concepts of some philosopher's choice.

THE LATE SIR M. KRISHNAN NAIR

The passing away of Sir M. Krishnan Nair has removed from our midst a devoted friend of the College. Born in 1870 in a village near Alathoor in the Palghat Taluk, Malabar District, he lived to a ripe old age of 68 when he breathed his last at Palghat. After a brilliant career at the Victoria College, Palghat and the Madras Christian College, he took his Law Degree and joined the Bar at Calicut. Sir M. K. Nair came of an ancient Nair family whose members were Military Officers of the Rajahs of Palghat and the eldest member of the family still holds the title of Manneth Achan. He served his generation with much distinction in various spheres holding the office of Dewan of Travancore and Law Member of the Government of Madras. We offer the members of the family our heartfelt condolences.

ATHLETICS

A few occasional rains during the summer holidays kept the grass on the playing fields alive and it was a pleasant sight to see patches of green in June. Fortunately, we have been getting regularly a good supply of rain--rather unusual for this part of the year, we are told, and now the fields are quite green and even the bald patches are being slowly covered up. Our cricket pitch, of course, was well looked after and now it is practically ready for playing. We prefer, however, to wait a little longer, just to make sure. The football field which was used for hockey last year is now a football field again and we are using it for match purposes and team practices. The sports ground continues to be our cricket field with a matting wicket. And, even after the regular cricket field is ready for use we may use the sports ground as a cricket field for the second eleven. The tennis courts were done up again during the holidays and now we have the luxury of tarred tatties for the central courts.

Regular practice games in football, hockey, and cricket started soon after the re-opening of the College and the large numbers of enthusiasts were at times embarrassing. There was plenty of talent in addition to enthusiasm and team selections were by no means easy. However, it was decided not to confine our interest to the teams alone but to develop secondary teams as well. So we have now 'Second Elevens' in all the games, and fixtures are arranged by them regularly. This has helped to keep up the interest as well as to play regular practices between the 1st and 2nd teams.

In the Inter-Collegiate tournaments, however, we continue to be mediocre. This is really surprising since we have talent, opportunity for constant practice and everything else that should contribute towards success in competition. But, we seem to lack something that wins matches. We do well against good teams and win most of the matches, but for some unaccountable reason, we sometimes fail miserably against some third-rate team and go down. In cricket, for instance, we put up a record score of over 220 runs against Presidency College, the holders of the League Championship, and victory, or at least a draw, seemed inevitable. But we could not drive home our advantage and allowed the opponents to pass our total in spite of the short time at their disposal. Again, our miserable failure in football against the Loyola College—not by any means a strong team, is another case of the kind, while we won against the Engineering College and the Stanley Medical College—strong teams, by comfortable margins. But we are not without hope and with some determination we may yet win some recognition in competitions. It is said that winning or losing a match does not matter after all. This, in some respects, is a bad argument because when we enter a competition it is our chief aim to give of our best and to win if possible instead of piously saying it does not matter who wins or who loses. This kind of philosophy is not good for the moral development of a young man. It does not follow, of course, that we should resort to questionable tactics for the sake of winning. What is

wanted is the fighting spirit and the will to clinch the issue even at the last minute. These qualities we do not possess in any great abundance and most of our failures in the field of sport may be attributed to this. We seem to have developed a defeatist attitude towards competitions and if we win a competition we think we are lucky.

Boxing has many new adherents and the future looks hopeful. Training goes on almost every day of the week and the beginners are given special attention. We may, before College closes, put up a 'Show' in our ring.

We have entered the Basketball tournament conducted by the Loyola College. With some luck we may retain the shield we won last year in this tournament although three of our best players are not with us this year.

Physical training classes for the 1st and 2nd year students were started earlier this year and everything is going on well. Class II have begun their Inter-Batch league tournaments and these are likely to last practically the whole of this year. With the 1st year class our first attempt has been to make some of the games familiar and actually to teach them some of the unfamiliar games. Since interest is there and, willingness to learn, everything should go on all right.

C. A. A.

Hockey

The beginning of this term was marked by the unusual interest taken in hockey. It was encouraging to see a crowd of enthusiasts turning out for regular practice, and at first, one was given the impression that it would be no easy task to select a team as there appeared to be so much talent available. There were four places to be filled up in the first eleven team, as the commencement of this year found us deprived of the valuable services of T. Cleur, R. Spitteler, G. Crosse and J. Aruminayagam. After a few preliminary games, A. Kier, R. Benjamin, T. Nipps, and C. Crowther, were selected to fill up the gaps.

With the intention of getting as much practice as possible as a team, several matches were arranged with local clubs. Our first encounter was with the Chromeco Sports Club. The result was very flattering indeed, as we won by 8 goals to 2. But the next match with the Tambaram Sports Club proved to be a heavy defeat (1–6) and this had a sobering effect on the team. It showed in marked contrast our faulty forward play. We have yet to learn that unless the game is opened out by long through passes to the extreme men there is no likelihood of our forwards ever beating the opposing defence. The inner men, too, have to realise that more is accomplished by combined efforts than by individul efforts.

By the middle of July the Inter-Collegiate Hockey Tournament was upon us. In the first round we were opposed to the Pachaiappa's College team which we overcame easily by 8 goals to 1. In the second round we lost to the Engineers, even though we had the better of the exchanges. We missed very much the services of V. Ramakrishnan, who was ill, both in this match and in the match against Loyola College. Our fourth game was with the Stanley Medicals whom we beat comfortably by 4–0. We have yet to play 3 more teams this term and we hope to give a good account of ourselves.

RESULTS

Goals Scored.

Date	Opponents	Results	For	Against
13-7-1938	Chromeco Sports Club ...	Won ...	8	2
18-7-1938	Tambaram Sports Club...	Lost ...	1	6
22-7-1938	Pachaiappa's College ...	Won ...	8	2
26-7-1938	West Coast XI ...	,, ...	2	1
28-7-1938	Engineering College ...	Lost ...	2	3
2-8-1938	Loyola College ...	,, ...	1	3
8-8-1938	Stanley Medical College...	Won ...	4	0

Football

This year the Christian College Football Team has been strengthened by three new players—L. P. Charles, P. I. George and J. E. Kumararaj. L. P. Charles is a resolute half-back who sticks to his man relentlessly and renders great help in feeding the the forwards with passes. P. I. George too plays in the half-back line and is a stout defender. In Kumararaj we have a strong and energetic outside-right. The other players are still the same hard-working lot and when they get determined they always keep the opposing players on tenterhooks.

The results of the Inter-Collegiate League matches till now have indeed been quite encouraging. Unfortunately we were compelled to keep up the tradition by going down to the Loyola College to the tune of five goals to one. We were a dismal lot that day, but soon we fortified ourselves with the hope that 'next time' would be a happier occasion. In the other three matches—against Pachaiyappas, Engneering and the Stanley Medicals—we emerged with flying colours, scoring ten goals in all without receiving any. Well, with such an encouraging start the future does look rosy. Needless to say we have, every one of us, formed the resolution to finish high up in the table, and though cynics may say that promise and performance lie oceans apart we are determined to win—and we are sure that this wish of ours finds an echo in the heart of every one of you too.

A. THANKARAJ JOSEPH,
Captain.

Football 'B' team

The keen interest evinced by many a student in football at the beginning of this academic year has resulted in the formation of a second team known as the College 'B' team.

We thought it best to commence our career by playing a friendly match against the College 'A' team. It was a friendly match throughout and it resulted unexpectedly, but deservingly, in a fine victory by two goals for our team. We have indeed to congratulate ourselves on the remarkable combination, perfect understanding and the spirit of team-work which were the welcome features of the game throughout.

The next match that we played was against our own High School in Madras. It is unfortunate that some of our regular players could not participate in the match. Thus we were particularly handicapped and lost to them by one goal.

We have a good forward line and in P. C. Thomas we possess a very good centre forward. Our defence is still weak and our backs have to realize that their ultimate aim should be to feed the forwards. We hope to get rid of our defects by constant practice and by playing a number of matches.

S. R. Avadhani,
Captain, College 'B' team.

Boxing

'The noble art of self-defence' is certainly becoming a very popular sport in our College. This year the number in our club has increased considerably, and members turn out quite regularly for training.

At present the club is divided into two sections, the novices and the more experienced men. We hope that boxers from both the groups will take a keen interest as well as participate in the numerous tournaments which are to be staged during the year, especially those in our ring. By doing so, they will not only help to raise the standard of boxing in the College, but they will also help to form a team that will be capable of retaining the Lalitha Sastri Shield which we won in the last Inter-Collegiate Tournament.

B. W. Fowler,
Captain.

Report of Cricket Matches

The first XI has played four matches so far. We lost the first, that against Y.M.C.A., mainly because of a score of missed catches and our not having discovered a good wicket-keeper. For the same reasons, we were not able to drive home the advantage gained in the match against Presidency College, when we entered first and compiled over 220 runs. Poor fielding helped their aggressive batsmen to pass our total in about two hours, when seven wickets had fallen. Our batsmen distinguished themselves in this match against good bowling, especially Ramakrishnan, our captain who scored a brilliant 75 and got out when he seemed set for a century. His absence in the next match against Pachaiyappa's was partly responsible for our not being able to reach the total of our opponents. Their score, however, would have been much less had our fielding been up to the mark. Unless this improves considerably we are not likely to win many matches this season. The first criterion of a good cricketer is his fielding.

Our last fixture was a half-day match against the Nungambakam Sports Club which ended in a draw. They scored 160 for 7 and declared and we replied with 100 for 6. Ramaswamy played a determined innings for his 40 (not out) against very good bowling and in rather bad light.

Among the batsmen, Kier, Ramachandran, and Bhasker Rao also have played well and are sure to hit up big scores in the coming matches. Calappa and Anantha Rao, our opening bowlers were unlucky not to get more wickets, the chief reason, of course, being our bad fielding. Ramaswamy bowled very well throughout but we need another slow bowler to back him up. Harikrishnan is a splendid outfield. We have discovered a new wicket-keeper in Isaacs, who is besides a steady batsman.

GEORGE ABRAHAM,
Vice-Captain.

AVERAGES

Batting

		Total	Innings	Times not out	Most in an innings	Average
1.	V. Ramakrishnan ...	91	3	0	73	30·3
2.	N. S. Ramaswamy.	63	4	1	40*	21
3.	G. Abraham ...	73	4	0	30	18·25
4.	H. Spitteler ...	46	3	0	25	15·3
5.	A. Kier ...	61	4	0	32	15·25
6.	B. Basker Rao ...	48	4	0	37	12

* Signifies not out.

Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
R. Ganesan ...	16	0	80	5	16
V. Ramakrishnan ...	10	1	37	2	18·5
Ramachandran ...	21	2	64	3	21·3
P. D. Calappa ...	38·5	2	152	7	21·7
A. Kier ...	15	0	69	3	23
N. S. Ramaswamy.	31	2	123	5	24·6

Cricket 'B' Team

This year the College definitely took a new step by having a 'B' team or rather a sort of feeder team for hockey, football and cricket. They found it very useful to have such a team to encourage and train promising young players who have not yet reached the inter-collegiate standard.

So a cricket second XI was started this year. But with regard to cricket it is nothing new because the College used to have such a team before, though they dropped the idea last year.

Quite a good number of cricket enthusiasts turned up for regular practice and the College found it really hard to pick up the right persons to form the first XI and to make a second XI out of the rest. All those who turned up were not mere enthusiasts but were really good cricketers.

The second XI has not yet become a permanent team. Newcomers are given chances and are being tried out whenever it could be done. We have regular practice twice a week and

the attendance is regular. Soon we hope to pick the best combination out of the men available.

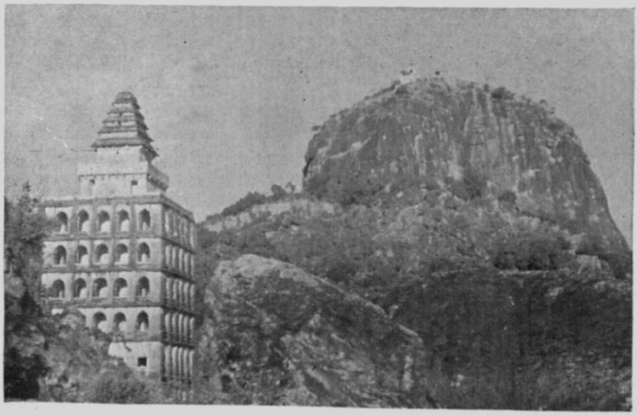
We played the first match with Egmore Youth League and lost by eight wickets. Though it was not a promising beginning, it became clear that we can do much better with slight changes in the team. Most of the second XI players played for the practice match between St. Thomas's Hall and the rest of the College. The whole match was dominated by the second XI players. It was one of the most interesting matches played on our grounds so far.

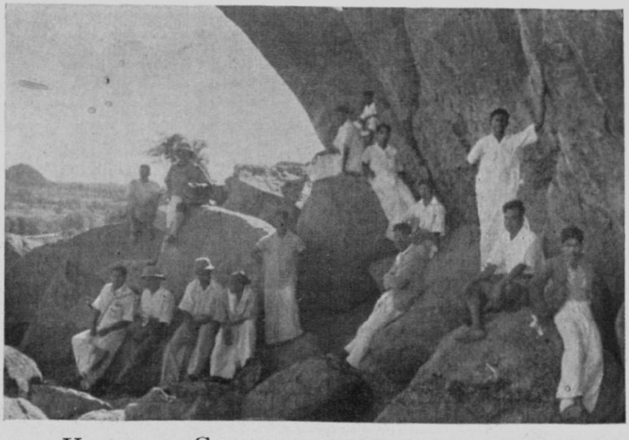
The second fixture of the season was the Wandalur Rangers. An interesting match was completely spoiled by heavy rain which started just after tea. But the second XI compiled a good total (154). The outstanding feature of the match was the grand and flawless innings of Kunjeraman who remained not out with 53. We wish him greater success in the coming matches.

We hope to play a good number of matches before the season is over and to show of our best in all of them.

NINAN KURIAN,
Captain, Second XI.

OUR RECEPTION TO THE GRADUATES OF THE YEAR





VIEWS OF GINGEE TAKEN BY AN EXCURSION PARTY OF THE BROTHERHOOD ON AUGUST 13.

SOCIETIES

The College Union Society

The College Union began its work early in the month of July. The senior office-bearers for the current academic year were elected last year. For the first time in the history of the College, we witnessed a neck-and -neck election contest. Election campaigns were inaugurated, canvassing was brisk and for one full week the Halls rang with shouts like 'Vote for so and so', 'Vote for our Hall candidate', etc. Enthusiasm ran so high among the students that not less than 60 per cent of them went to the polls.

It is, however, gratifying to note that a part of this enthusiasm has materialised into solid work. The union was inaugurated one week after the re-opening of the College. It is but proper that a Union, which was inaugurated by a Minister for Industries, should be active and busy. On behalf of my colleagues and on my own behalf, I may give the assurance that we are prepared to make history this year. May I also request the members of the Union to co-operate with us and to make it a point to attend every meeting of the College Union? How I wish that all their buoyant enthusiasm result in good, solid work!

Union Notes

1. The inaugural address of the College Union was delivered on 7-7-38 by the Hon. Mr. V. V. Giri, Minister for Labour and Industries with the Government of Madras. The Minister delivered an interesting lecture on 'Industrial Peace.'

2. The election to the office of the Assistant Secretaryship of the union was conducted on the 18th July. Mr. S. T. Appachanna of III Hons. (English) was elected to the office.

3. Under the auspices of the College Union, Sir A. P. Patro delivered a lecture on 'Parliamentary Democracy' on the 22nd July.

4. Under the auspices of the College Union, Dr. J. C. Kumarappa, Secretary of the All-India Village Industries Association delivered a lecture on 'Village Industries, the need to help them,' on Saturday the 6th August.

R. VENKATACHALAM,
Secretary.

The College Brotherhood

The following are the office-bearers for the year 1938-39

President: Dr. S. S. Gandheker.

General Secretary: V. A. Ramachandran, Class IV, Gr. iv.

Social Service and Village Welfare, including Literacy: Mr. W. F. Kibble, P. S. Raman, Hons. III, Br. ii; K. S. Srinivasan, Class IV, Gr. ii; P. Sripada Rao, Class IV, Gr. ii; Mr. J. D. Asirvadam.

Excursion Committee: Dr. J. P. Joshua, Mr. P. Alalasundaram, V. A. Ramachandran, A. B. Ramachandra Rao, B.Sc. IV.

Book Club and Co-operation: Mr. T. K. Rajasekaran, Mr. S. Subbarama Iyer.

It is with pleasure we announce that we have started two new Clubs under the Brotherhood. The Woodwork Club and the Painters' Club to

promote taste for fine arts among students. The various Committees have started work very enthusiastically. The Excursion committee arranged a very enjoyable excursion to Red Hills and the water-works at Kilpauk on the 23rd July 1938. It is planned to visit Gingee on the 13th and 14th of August and the excursion promises to be an extremely interesting one, a report of which will appear in the next issue of the *Magazine*. Two of the neighbouring villages, Irumbuliur and Thiruvancheri had the good fortune of gaining the sympathy and service of our social workers. We gave an interesting entertainment on the 6th night of August to the inhabitants of Irumbuliur village. Much music was contributed both by the Brotherhood and the village folks. The Book Club is rendering its valuable help to students as usual. The Dispensary which could not function last year will be active soon. A batch of volunteers are already working in the evenings at the Tambaram Welfare Centre.

We hope to continue our activities and to expand in several directions.

V. A. Ramachandran,
General Secretary.

The Madras Christian College Christian Union

A General Body Meeting of the Union was held on the 1st of March, 1938, with the President, the Rev. R. S. Macnicol, in the chair, to elect the President and the General Secretary for the ensuing year. Mr. C. J. R. Paul was unanimously declared the President, and he took the chair. Proceeding with the election, he declared Mr. J. Clement Ratnaiya elected as General Secretary.

The following office-bearers were elected at the first General Body Meeting of the year 1938–39, held on Tuesday, the 5th of July.

Study-Circle Secretary: P. J. Thomas, (Class IV).

Social Service Secretary: Basil Manuel (Hons. 3).

Devotional Service Secretary: S. R. Messiah Doss (Hons. 4).

Treasurer: Mr. Richard P. Samuel, (Class III).

Class Representatives: N. Hunt (B.Sc. III): (B.Sc.); Charles Ezekiel (Class II); T. C. Dasen (Class I).

The 'Freshers' Social' of the union was held on Thursday the 21st of July. After tea there was a meeting, with the Rev. A. J. Boyd in the chair The President welcomed all the new Christian students, and the various Secretaries outlined their programme of work during the year. The Principal, in his speech, classified the Christian students of the College under three heads: firstly, those who attend only the tea party; secondly, those who attend the tea party and the meetings; and thirdly, those who earnestly take part in the activities of the union. He exhorted all the Christian students of the College to belong to the third group, and to be active members of the union. Mr. G. W. Santiago, the Travelling Secretary of the S. C. M. of the Madras-Vellore area, also addressed the students, his theme being 'Faith'.

We are having a revised scheme of devotional work this year: Bible-Study classes led by members of the Staff will be held every alternate Sunday, Devotional services twice a term. General Meetings once a term, and Discussion Meetings once a

term. Miss Eleanor Rivett, the Principal of the Women's Christian College, will speak to us on 'Discipleship' on the last Friday in August.

The co-operation of all Christian students of the College is cordially solicited to enable the Union to achieve its aim and purpose.

J. Clement Ratnaiya,
General Secretary.

The Radio Club

The first meeting of the Club was held on Wednesday, 20th July, under the presidency of Dr. A. V. Moses to elect the Secretaries for the year 1938–39 and the following were unanimously elected :—

1. Mr. P. S. Doraiswamy (*Member of Staff*).
2. Mr. V. Narasimhan (*IV. B.Sc. Gr. 2*)

The Secretaries hope to arrange for the inaugural address at an early date so that the activities of the Club may be begun in right earnest, and further they entertain the idea of inviting to Tambaram several famous specialists in the field of wireless.

Unlike last year, the members do not confine their attention to questions of theoretical interest alone. They are having, with the kind permission of Dr. Moses, a regular practical wireless class where they try to build several single-valvers and other simple instruments which could be made without much expense. There are already more than a dozen such radio enthusiasts who could be observed walking along the corridors of the science block with shaving-stick holders in their hands. Let there be no mistake about this—they are trying to wind a coil . . . The Secretaries would like to have several such eager workers.

The Club, as a whole, is highly indebted to Dr. A. V. Moses, for the interest he takes for the welfare of the Madras Christian College Radio Club.

V. Narasimhan,
P. S. Doraiswamy,
Secretaries.

St. Thomas's Hall

A feature of our Hall this year is that there are more new faces than old, and the gathering of people is as varied as it is interesting. The old Bonda Committee, so well known during the past year for its capacity to occupy space and to consume immense quantities of foodstuff, has yielded place to the Lilliputians who gaze in wonderment at the bearded giants stalking all around them and wonder why such enormous structures were erected to house such puny creatures as themselves ! and what a number of these babies we have in our Hall !. Mr. Macnicol has left us for a year and his flat has been invaded and taken possession of by six well-meaning students, who have exercised their ingenuity so far as to acquire that absent professor's good pieces of furniture also. The junior tutors, Mr. Parthasarathy and Mr. M. K. Thomas have gone and we possess now Messrs. Kamayya, Subramaniam and Ramamoorthy. Dr. Joshua has taken up the rooms which fell vacant by Mr. Syed Mohammed leaving us. We are also fortunate in having the Assistant Medical Officer, Dr. Rasalam, residing in our midst.

At a meeting held early in July the following office-bearers for the year 1938–39 were elected :—

Secretary for Debates: B. Srinivasa Rao,

Secretary for Entertainments and Drama: W. J. Chellappa.

Secretary for Library and Reading Room: V. G. N. Pavamani.

Secretary for Excursions : I. Shunmugasundaram.

Secretary for Indoor Games: M. T. Belliappa.

Secretary for Outdoor Games: A. T. Joseph.

General Secretary : V. Balasundaram.

The following were the activities of the Hall during the first term. :—

25th July.—The resident members of the Hall were 'At Home' to the non-residents.

27th July.—First Hall Debate.

30th July.—A small party of our members visited the newly opened transmission station at Guindy.

6th August.—A feast in honour of the graduates of our Hall! In addition to these there were towards the end of the term another meeting of the Debating Society and an entertainment consisting of a farce and a short supporting programme.

This year our Hall can justly boast of possessing first-rate footballers and cricketers and we continue to maintain our tradition in tennis. Our 'babies' have taken to tennis and it is amusing to watch these little fellows who are just a few inches taller than their rackets, running about the courts (and in long pants too!) and shouting excitedly when once the ball is managed to be sent across the net! Another thing which is unique in our Hall is the existence of the 'Vandalur Rangers', a club started by a few enthusiastic cricketers, with high aims and lofty ideals.

V. Balasundaram,
General Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall

The first thing that caught our attention on returning to the Hall was that the grass and the trees had grown fast in our absence. All of us began to do our work in right earnest from the very beginning itself. Lights can be seen even at one in the morning in some of the rooms (We hope it is not the result of their having forgotten to switch off the lights when going to bed). The Hall rules have been made stricter. A lecturer can be seen going-round the Hall every night to see if we have got books in front of us. It is a sight worth seeing to see the First Class students marching to the theatre with books in their hands to study sitting in the theatre. (As if their rooms are not a fit place to study in the morning!)

A reception to the non-residents paved the way for the Hall functions. It is hoped that the non-residents will realise that they are also members of the Hall. The inaugural address of the Hall Debating Society was delivered by Dr. E. Asirvadam, his subject being 'Problems of Nationality'. We had the reception to the new Graduates on August 6th. Our hearts were filled with joy when we saw the new graduates of the University of Madras. After a hearty dinner we had a meeting followed by a variety entertainment. We expect that the new members will come forward in large numbers with their songs and comic items and make the Saturday evening functions a success. It is a matter of pride to us that a member of our Hall stood first in the whole presidency of Madras in English for the B.A. Degree examination.

It was with mingled feelings of pride and sorrow that we heard the news that Dr. Panikkar is proceeding to England as he has received a scholarship for

studies abroad. We wish him all success.

K. K. JOHN,
Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

The 28th of June saw the first band of hopefuls heading for Selaiyur. To those of us who had been here last year, it was like coming back home. Except for the air of newness and neatness about the place, nothing seemed to have changed: there were the same lawns (more invisible than ever this year), the same uproar in the mess, and the same music (melodious or otherwise) from the bathrooms.

The election of Hall office-bearers for the year was held on the 12th of July. We must congratulate the Warden on the excellent way in which he conducted the elections. Few members, if any, took the elections lightly.

We are just discovering how man can adapt himself to circumstances. When it was arranged that breakfast would be served at 9 a.m. instead of 7-30 a.m., people thought that they could not possibly survive the ordeal. Now it seems that their delicate systems have eventually submitted to the decrees of the Senatus. Amazing!

May I take the liberty of requesting the Medical Officer to instal a new weighing machine? Report has it that the present machine can register up to 192 lbs. only. The Medical Officer, it would seem, has not allowed for the diversity of God's creatures. At any rate, we have it on good authority that when a resident member of our Hall, who tips the scale at 255 lbs., was being weighed, the doctor was hard put to it to arrive at a correct estimate of his weight. As the member is in the Junior Intermediate class, I would suggest to the Medical Officer that he instal a machine registering up to 300 lbs.!

Our social to the non-residents was held on the 1st of August. But for the fact that a number of the non-residents were not present, the function was a success. The meeting that followed was, I believe, the shortest on record. The Principal, who presided, wished to speak for two minutes, but had to take five minutes as the audience would persist in laughing uproariously at his jokes. The Warden who spoke next declared that as he understood that the General Secretary would give a prize to the one who spoke the shortest, he would speak for less than two minutes. As he spoke for 1 minute and 34½ seconds only, the General Secretary finds himself in an awkward position. Will the Hall members please rally round with subscriptions!

K. ABRAHAM,
General Secretary.

The English Honours Association

We began our activities very early this term.

In a business meeting held on the 20th of July the following office-bearers were elected for the academic year 1938-39:—

President—Rev. J. R. Macphail, M. A.

Vice-President—C. J. Mathew Tharakan, Hons. 5.

Secretary and Treasurer—A. Madhava Menon, Hons. 4.

Class Representatives:

5th Honours—K. V. Srinivasa Rao.
4th Honours—G. H. Jansen.
3rd Honours—K. M. Govindan.

Our first ordinary meeting was held on the 3rd of August. A. Madhava Menon read a paper on

'Metre and Rhyme in Poetry.' K. V. Srinivasa Rao presided. We had a very lively discussion on the subject. Mr. Macphail also took part as one of the audience. Mr. Macphail has advised us to deal with literary topics with a very wide scope for controversy, in all our meetings,—to choose conventional themes and to approach them in an unconventional manner. We are all fascinated by this suggestion, and sincerely hope to derive much benefit in our critical study of English literature by adopting this principle.

We congratulate the members of the 5th Honours batch who came out successful in the University examination of March 1938; especially G. J. William, who passed out first from the College, obtaining a brilliant second class.

We are issuing an appeal to Old Boys, who were members of the Association, to render us all help, and to encourage us in our activities.

In conclusion, the Secretary requests all the members of the Association to take greater interest in the work of the Association, and to co-operate with him, so that all his efforts, with their good will, may be crowned with success.

A. MADHAVA MENON,
Secretary.

The Natural History Society

A General Body Meeting of the Society was held on Thursday the 28th August to elect office-bearers for the year. Dr. N. Kesava Panikkar, M.A., D. SC., presided. The following are the office-bearers for the year: —

Joint Presidents:

Prof. M. S. Sabhesan, M.A.

Dr. J. P. Joshua, B.A. (Hons.), Ph.D.

Joint Secretaries:

Jacob Abraham (IV B. SC. (Hons.), Br. v).

A. Ramacharlu (IV B. SC. Gr. v).

Class Representatives:

G. Lakshminarayana Rao (IV B.SC. Gr. v).

V. Venkatesaperumal, (III B.SC. Hons).

V. S. R. Subramanya Moorthi (III B.SC. Gr. iv).

V. Rama Krishnan, P. G.

The Society sustains a great loss in the departure of Dr. N. Kesava Panikkar, our last year's President. Dr. Panikkar is proceeding to England to do research at the Marine Biological Institute at Plymouth. We take this opportunity to congratulate him at his success in winning the Empire Exhibition scholarship. We wish him bon voyage and all success.

Though rather belated we take this occasion to welcome to our midst Dr. J. P. Joshua, our new President who has come back to us after taking his doctorate from the Liverpool University.

We have not yet quite settled down so that we cannot boast of any activities as yet achieved. But we intend to hold a few meetings and arrange some excursions immediately.

JACOB ABRAHAM,
A. RAMACHARLU,
Joint-Secretaries.

The History and Economics Students' Union.

In the 3rd week of July, the members of the union met together to elect the office-bearers for the year 1938-39. Mr. S. Subbarama Ayyar presided on the occasion. The following office-bearers were elected.

General Secretary: M. Ramakrishnayya.

Assistant Secretary for Study Circles: P. N. Mohandas.

Representatives:

Class I: Coultrup.
Class II: K. G. Roy.
Class III: K. Venkateswara Rao.
Class IV: S. V. Inbaraj.
Honours: R. Prabhakar.

The inaugural address of the Union was delivered by Sri. K. A. Nilakanta Sastri, M.A., Professor of Indian History and Archæology, University of Madras, on the 3rd August. The subject of the address was 'Science and History.' Mr. T. G. Koshy, M.A., presided.

The Study-Circle Secretary arranged a discussion on 'Linguistic Provinces' on the 5th of August in St. Thomas's Hall when Mr. K. J. Matthew Tharakan presided. We hope to put in some good work this year, being relieved of financial worry.

M. RAMAKRISHNAYYA,
General Secretary.

The Philosophical Association.

On the 19th of July a meeting of the Philosophical Association was convened to elect the office-bearers by Sri. Ramalinga Reddi. Rev. S. Samuel presided. The Rev. A. J. Boyd was elected as the Patron, the Rev. S. Samuel, as the President and Sri. B. A. Nandagopaul as the Secretary.

The inaugural function was celebrated on the 4th of August. The staff and students of the Philosophy department were entertained to tea. Sri. P. N. Sreenivasachari, M.A., ex-Principal, Pachaiyappa's College delivered a lecture on 'Karma and Krupa' under the presidency of the Rev. S. Samuel.

In another meeting to be held on the 18th of August, Dr. K. G. Rama Rao, M.A., Ph. D. will address the Association on 'Psychology of Non-Co-operation.'

I take this opportunity to thank the authorities of the College for having arranged to meet the financial needs of the Associations.

B. A. NANDAGOPAUL,
Secretary.

Madras Christian College Tamil Sangam.

The general body of the above Sangam met on 11th July at 1-45 p.m. with Mr. T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A., in the chair when the following office-bearers were elected:—

President: Mr. T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A.

Vice President: Mr. P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M.A.

Student Chairman: V. A. Ramachandran, Class IV gr. 4-*b*.

Secretary: K. N. Sreenivasan, Class IV gr. 4-*a*.

The following class representatives were chosen:—

Thomas Chelliah Dasen, Class I, gr. 3.
C. Ambasankaran, Class I, gr. 1-*a*.
Mahadevan, Class II, gr. 1-*a*.
Paul Richard, Class III, gr. 3-*b*.

The inaugural address of the Sangam was delivered by Mr. L. N. Subramanya Iyer, M.A., L.T., under the presidency of Mr. T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A., on 29th July at 4-30 p.m., the subject of the lecture being 'Thiruvadi Thozhutha Patalam' in Kambar Ramayanam.

Many students attended the meeting in spite of heavy rain thus showing that they have a warm place in

their hearts for Tamil. The speech was inspiring and instructive and it was the more pleasing because of his intonation. He pointed out various beauties in Kamba Ramayanam which created in the audience a love for this great Tamil epic.

With a vote of thanks proposed by the Vice-President the meeting came to a close at about 6 p.m.

On 3rd August 1938 at 1-45 p.m. a debate was held with the Student-Chairman, V. A. Ramachandran of Class IV in the chair. K. N. Sreenivasan of Class IV moved:—

'That in the opinion of the house higher education is necessary even at the present day.'

Rajadurai Michael of Class II opposed the motion. R. Venkatachalam of Class IV spoke for the proposition. As there were many who wanted to take part in the debate the meeting was adjourned to 2-10 p.m.

Attendance at the meetings is very encouraging. I hope there is a bright future for the Sangam with sympathy towards the mother-tongue.

K. N. SREENIVASAN,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhi Ranjani Sangham.

Last year we bade farewell to our beloved President, M. R. Ry. T. Rajagopala Rao Garu, B.A., L.T., M.R.A.S., and this year we welcome our new President, Mr. P. R. P. Francis, B.A. (Hons.).

As usual, the first quarter is occupied with elections of representatives and Secretaries. The special library which the Sangam possesses, is of great benefit to the members and we wish to improve it further. Our predecessors have left us the task of binding and cataloguing 200 volumes and with money contributed by the members, we wish to get them bound.

Our Association will be shortly inaugurated by our former Telugu Lecturer and President Mr. Rajagopal Rao.

A. VENKATA SUBBA REDDY,
Secretary.

The Graduates' Reception.

The Graduates' Reception was held on the 6th of August, in St. Thomas's Hall. After tea, the gathering proceeded to the open-air theatre, where the meeting was held, with the Principal in the chair.

Mr. Martin, speaking on behalf of the staff, welcomed and congratulated the graduates. This year's set of graduates, he said, was unique in that it combined two strains: it was a bridge between George Town and Tambaram. Views regarding the value of the degree had changed of late. In the old days, the degree marked the man and was an economic asset. Although this was not always the case at present, it was to be hoped that the graduates would realise that the College had imparted to them something far more valuable than a mere degree. A student leaving College, should not think of it merely as a cherished memory; it should form a living, integral part of him.

Mr. Balasingh Satya Nadar, speaking on behalf of the College Day Association, in the absence of Mr. Sanjiva Kamath, requested the graduates to keep in touch with the College by co-operating with the Association,

Mr. Kandaswami Chetty also addressed the meeting and speaking as one who knew Dr. Miller personally, gave some of his recollections of 'the good old days.' To him and to countless others, the George Town buildings were objects of reverence. He was sure that Tambaram with its stately buildings, its grounds and its surroundings would be enshrined in the hearts of the new graduates.

Mr. S. P. Appaswamy, replying on behalf of the graduates, thanked the previous speakers and the staff for their good wishes and advice.

With a few remarks from the Principal, the meeting came to a close. The graduates of the year were entertained at dinner in their respective Halls, and an Inter-Hostel entertainment was held at Bishop Heber Hall theatre after dinner in honour of the graduates of the year. It was very gratifying that over 80 graduates were present at the evening function—a much larger number than we had in previous years. It is hoped that, as Mr. Martin put it, they will continue to be in touch with the College in one way or another all through their life.

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